Memo From Wilt: To Walton, Burleson & Malone

Ronnie Peterson Scares Everyone—Except Himself

Maury Wills Vs. The Umpires

SPORT

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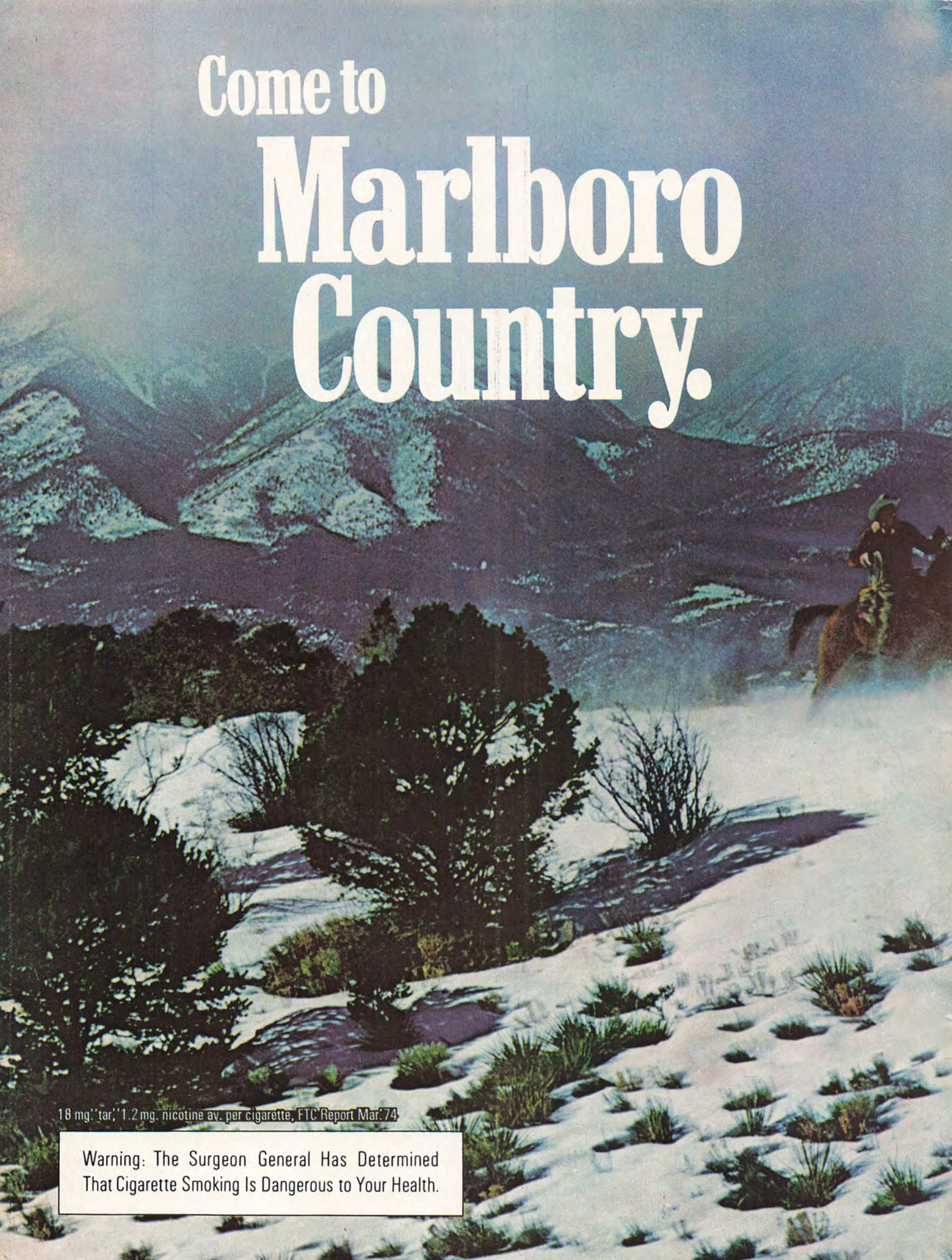
Fran Tarkenton

Target: Super Bowl

Jimmy Breslin: Peppy's Finest Hour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SPORT

29TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION JANUARY 1975 VOL. 60, NO. 1

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"Somebody still cares about quality."

JANUARY

THIS MONTH IN SPORT

MAURY WILLS

Now that the Cleveland Indians, in a burst of enlightened self-interest, have promoted Frank Robinson to manager, Maury Wills no longer dreams of becoming the first black manager in the major leagues. He'd still like to be the second or third.

And in case the opportunity should arise, Wills has taken the trouble of preparing a very extensive job application, a full-length book called *How to Steal a Pennant*, written in collaboration with Don Freeman of the San Diego *Union*. The book will be published this spring, the second in the series of Random House-SPORT books, and it will state some unusual baseball theories.

Wills himself had a rather unusual baseball career. He spent eight and a half seasons in the minor leagues, before he finally made it to the Dodgers. If Wills, at the age of 25, then a short-stop batting .253 for Spokane, had even suggested that someday he would break the major-league base-stealing record held by Ty Cobb, people would have laughed at him.

Some people are going to scoff at some of Maury Wills' managerial theories. He feels strongly that the traditional baseball "book" is more apocrypha than bible, and that most managers' dependency on the "book" is an excuse not to be imaginative.

Wills may be a baseball radical, but no one denies that he is an enormously knowledgeable radical. Veteran of four World Series and four All-Star games, captain of the Dodgers when they were the best team in the world, Wills is now an analyst for NBC's baseball telecasts, and his insights into team and individual strategy are strikingly informative.

This month's SPORT offers an excerpt from Wills' forthcoming book, his chapter on umpires and their shortcomings. He is provocative—he argues that one out of three umpires is incompetent—and for balance, we are running a rebuttal by Stan Landes, who spent 18 years umpiring in the National League.

Not that it helps Landes' case any, but in fairness, we should report that, between television assignments, Wills found time last summer to play one game for the SPORT softball team. He went hitless.

Wills' byline is one of three athletic bylines in this issue, the other two being Wilt Chamberlain's and Lance Rentzel's. Coincidentally, all three live in Los Angeles, in varying degrees of splendor, and Rentzel's article on his teammate, Fred Dryer, appeared originally in slightly different form in *Los Angeles Magazine*.

Jimmy Breslin's article, "Peppy's Finest Hour," is a tribute to the late Norton Peppis, who was Jimmy's friend and mine. Peppy was a free spirit, a beautiful character, and he is sorely missed, by his family, by his friends and, of course, by his bookmakers.

Dick Schaap

SPORT

ABC

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They just go on and on and on.

Both Lee Roy Jordan and the Beetle have been around a long time. But they both still have a lot of good years ahead of them.

During his career, Lee Roy has earned the reputation for being Mr. Reliable. The Beetle, in its own league, is just as reliable. Even Lee Roy would have to be impressed with these stats.

A lot of Beetles are still on the road with over 100,000 miles on them. Which shouldn't be surprising considering the way they're built. Every Beetle is coated with 13 pounds of paint, has a sealed bottom, is inspected by 1000 inspectors, and is covered by the Owner's Security Blanket, the most advanced car coverage plan in the world.

And if and when you sell it, a Beetle offers extraordinary resale value. A 1972 Beetle retails† for about as much today as it did new.

But here the similarity between Lee Roy and the Beetle ends.

You can get a Beetle for a lot less than it'd cost you to get Lee Roy.

©Volkswagen of America, Inc. †Based on NADA Official Used Car Guide—November '74, (1972 P.O.E. vs. average used car retail prices).

THE SPORT QUIZ!

GRADE YOURSELF
14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
8-10 FAIR

Gilles Villemure

1. Which goalie was victimized by both Bernie Geoffrion's record-tying 50th goal and Bobby Hull's record-breaking 51st?
a. George Gardner
b. Gump Worsley
c. Cesare Maniago

2. Which one of these goalies catches with his left hand?
a. Tony Esposito
b. Ross Brooks
c. Gilles Villemure

3. Which goalie did Boston send to Chicago as part of the deal for Phil Esposito?
a. Jack Norris
b. Jack McCartan
c. Denis DeJordy

Ken Dryden

4. Which one of these goalies is not renowned for his off-season interest in horses?
a. Gilles Villemure
b. Ken Dryden
c. Gerry Cheevers

5. Which one of these goalies used to be called "Mr. Zero?"
a. Turk Broda
b. Bill Durnan
c. Frankie Brimsek

6. Which one of these goalies does not wear contact lenses?
a. Ken Dryden
b. Ed Giacomin
c. Tony Esposito

7. Match these WHA goalies with the teams they broke in with as NHL rookies.

Dave Dryden	Red Wings
Andy Brown	Kings
Gerry Desjardins	Rangers

8. Which one of these goalies has been with his team since the franchise was founded?
a. Gilles Meloche, California
b. Cesare Maniago, Minnesota
c. Rogie Vachon, Los Angeles

9. True or False: Emile Francis of the New York Rangers is the only ex-goalie to coach an NHL team in over 40 years.

10. Which team has not been represented by a Vezina Trophy winner(s) in the last ten years?
a. St. Louis
b. Toronto
c. Detroit

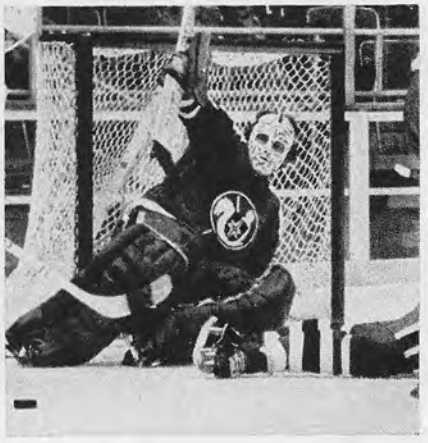
11. In the last 15 years, which goalie has been a first team All-Star the most times?
a. Glenn Hall
b. Jacques Plante
c. Terry Sawchuck

12. In 1965-66, when Bobby Hull scored 54 goals, which goalie gave up his record-tying 50th?
a. Hank Bassen
b. Cesare Maniago
c. Johnny Bower

13. True or False: Tony Esposito was an All-American goalie at Michigan State University.

14. Who was the first professional goalie to experiment with a mask?
a. Jacques Plante
b. Clint Benedict
c. Harry Lumley

15. Which one of these goalies never won the Calder Trophy for Rookie of the Year?
a. Glenn Hall
b. Jacques Plante
c. Terry Sawchuck

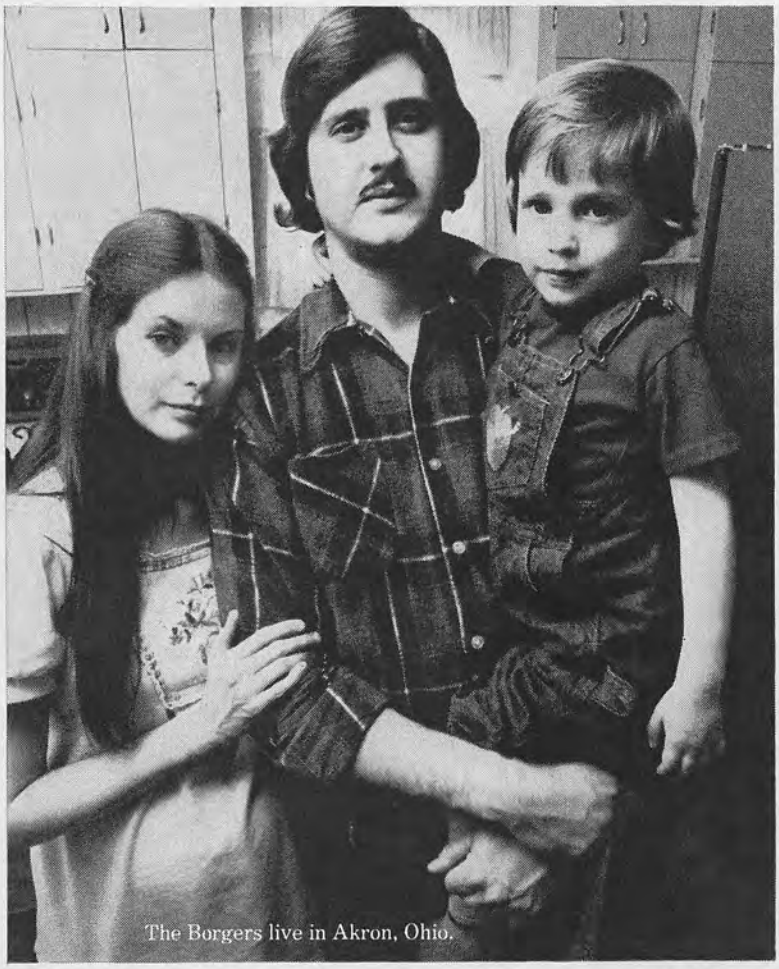


Gerry Cheevers

16. Who was the goalie who led the N.Y. Rangers to the Stanley Cup when they last won it in 1939-40?
a. Tiny Thompson
b. Chuck Rayner
c. Davey Kerr

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 93

"I remembered what happened after my dad died. So I called Allstate for life insurance."



The Borgers live in Akron, Ohio.

"When my dad died, my mom was left with four little kids and a big mortgage to pay off. There wasn't enough life insurance to handle it.

"So when I bought a home, the first thing I wanted was mortgage protection insurance.

"I called Allstate. Because the price was right."

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$20	$85,900

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SPORTING LIFE

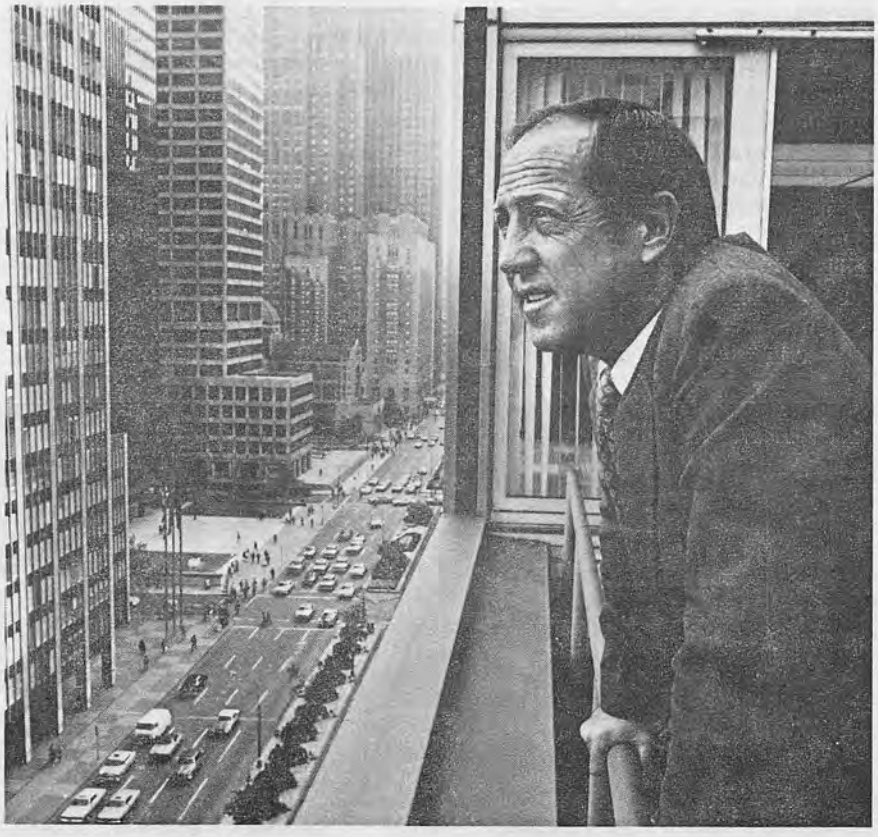
After a misspent youth—his ambition was to become a sportswriter—Pete Rozelle grew up to become the most glamorous commissioner of America's most glamorous sport. He lives two lives, the public and the private.

WITH PETE ROZELLE

The National Football League is the most sophisticated of the sports leagues. Everything, from the boisterous party held each year before the Super Bowl to the slick Monday night football telecasts, is characterized by the league's special flair. The sophistication and the flair appear to mirror the style of the league's 47-year-old commissioner, Pete Rozelle.

Pete Rozelle, who is seen annually mixing with Jennifer O'Neill and Dustin Hoffman and Sidney Poitier and all the Kennedys at the Robert F. Kennedy Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills. Who sits with prominent businessmen on the board of directors of the Chris Craft Company. Whose handsomely tanned face smiles at you from a tasteful advertisement for the classy Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. Pete Rozelle, the celebrity commissioner.

But, according to Rozelle, the



High above the streets of Manhattan, in his National Football League office, Pete Rozelle still keeps a California tan.

SPORTING LIFE CONTINUED

image was created by circumstances. And none of these things are really him—except the tan ("I haven't been south in months, I just hold a tan") and the young look ("I just happen to be younger than most people in my kind of job"). Instead, he claims, he is a very private man who abhors large gatherings and fanfare and never had any interest in the glamor of Hollywood, despite growing up in Southern California during the 30s and 40s ("I just wanted to be a sportswriter for the L.A. *Times*").

"Everybody looks at the Super Bowl party as big and showy," he says, "but I don't particularly enjoy it. We just end up with a tremendous number of people who we have to entertain and there is no way of making it intimate. Last year we had 2,900 people at the Astrodome and spent $50- or $60,000.

"We have no control over how the networks choose to present our games. I like the way they do it, but I have not influenced it."

He plays in the Kennedy tournament because Ethel is a friend, on the NFL charities board. He is on the board of Chris Craft because the chairman, Herb Siegel, is also a friend. And he does the ad because the hotel is owned by United Air Lines, which helped the NFL teams out with flight problems during the energy shortage.

"I don't like to be up front unless I have to," he says. "If you are up front all the time, you lose your effectiveness. In my job, you can do a lot of things quietly."

Rozelle was forced into high visibility soon after he was drafted to be commissioner, at an owners' meeting in Bal Harbor, Fla., in 1960. He came to the job from the L.A. Rams, where he had been the general manager. He was very young (33) and virtually unknown. In rapid succession, he became the spokesman in the congressional investigation of television contracts, the Hornung-Karras betting investigation, the merger, expansion, the Joe Namath-Bachelors III case, the Lance Rentzel suspension and the San Diego Chargers drug case. The net result was more exposure than he had ever bargained for.

During the last year, he has kept a low profile, largely due to the players' strike. "I had no alternative in the owners-players negotiations," he says. "I was particularly afraid that anything I said would hurt the progress. Particularly when my office was made an issue by Ed Garvey." He avoided scheduling speaking engagements and holding press conferences. And this gave him the chance to settle down into a new lifestyle, with his new wife, Carrie, and his new family (her four children from her marriage to Ralph Kent Cooke and Rozelle's daughter from a previous marriage.)

They moved from his exclusive Sutton Place apartment in Manhattan to a house in suburban Westchester County and settled into a life of quiet elegance. "When we got married, Carrie was worried about what it was going to be like," he says. "I told her she was going to be surprised. There are no heavy social obligations. I have set it up this way."

So much of his job is public—crowds and travel and weekends away—that when he gets time off, he likes to spend it as privately as possible. "What I really love, is when I've been going hard for a long time, to have a day that I can just blow. I will sit home all day in my robe, unshaven, and just rest."

Rozelle seems involved in a perpetual struggle to separate the public life from the private life. He and Carrie play tennis on the court in their backyard with Pat and Cathy Summerall or neighbors Frank Gifford and Allie Sherman. Or they stow away for a weekend of fishing on his 57-foot Chris Craft Cruiser. When they socialize, it is with a small group of friends—the Summeralls, or Herb Siegel or Jack Landry, the vice president of Phillip Morris, or David Mahoney, the head of Norton Simon.

He says he likes to read but just does not find enough time. When he does read, he prefers popular fiction. He loves movies, but rarely found the time to see any, until he purchased a 16 mm. projector and

As a man of taste and good sense, the commissioner would rather spend time with his wife (left) than in his office.

There was a Grand American on an overnight pass in 1943.

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And laughter.
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And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.

Schenley
The Grand American Whiskey.

We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.

Schenley Reserve American Whiskey, A Blend, 86 Proof. © 1974 Schenley Distillers Company, New York, New York.

started renting films to watch at home. "I saw more movies in the last two or three months than in the last few years. Fortunately, I share with my kids an appreciation for James Bond."

But real privacy still eludes him. A few years ago, he was marlin fishing off Chub Cay in the Bahamas, and staying at the Chub Cay Marina Hotel in the Berry Islands. At the time, an owner of the Miami Dolphins was selling out and reportedly negotiating with Sam Rizzo, who was alleged to have mob connections. As the boat pulled into the harbor, Rozelle was met by a reporter and a photographer from the Miami *Herald*. Rozelle didn't know it, but Rizzo was staying at the Chub Cay Marina, too. The next day a banner headline across the paper's front page read: "Rozelle and Rizzo Together at Chub Cay."

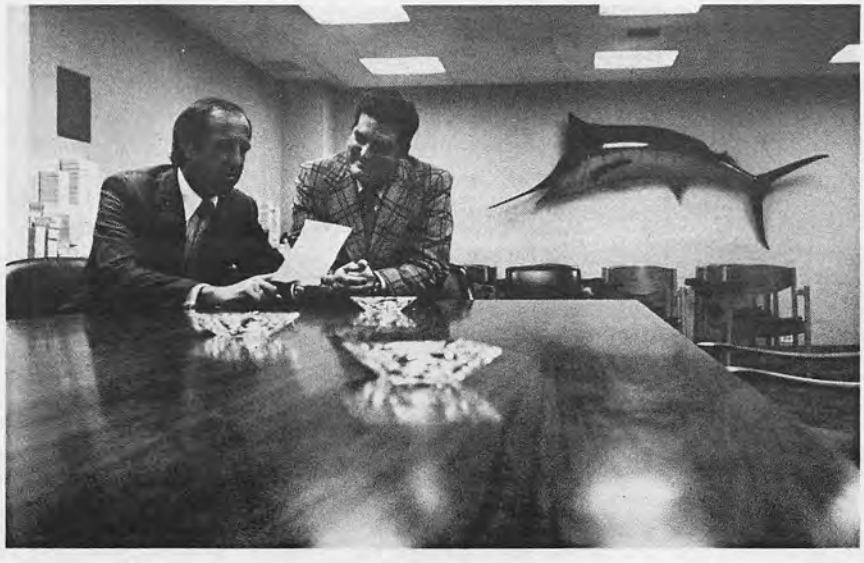
Rozelle is used to being misinterpreted in the press. The media have portrayed him as cold, emotionless and humorless; up close, he is a charismatic figure, warm and witty, a tall, dark man with spots of gray in his sideburns and deep lines etched in his face.

He is the highest paid—and most powerful—commissioner in sports now, on the first year of a ten-year contract, at $175,000 per year. But even that kind of money can't insulate him from the private pain his public decisions sometimes cause him.

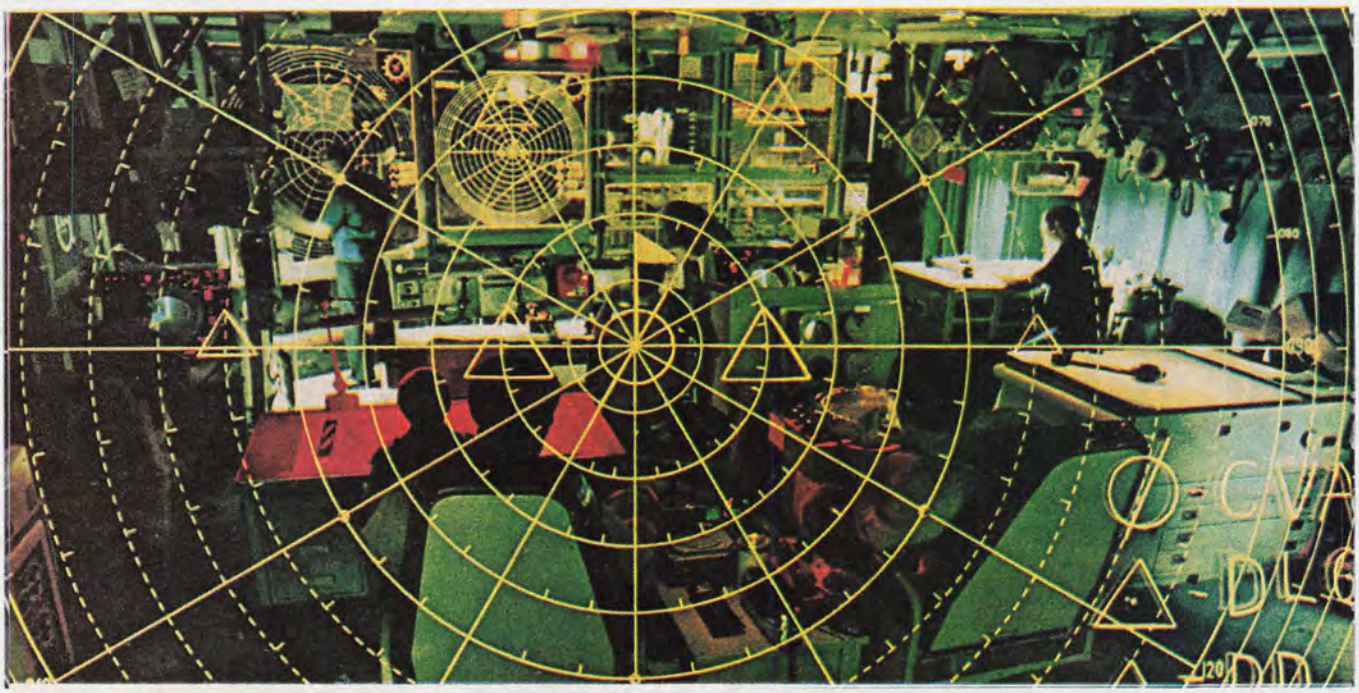
In 1969, he called Joe Namath up to his apartment to ask Namath to sell his interest in Bachelors III. When the meeting was finished, his daughter, Ann, came running in, went up to the quarterback, and said, "Don't worry Mr. Namath. Not everyone in our family hates you."

"I was embarrassed as hell," Rozelle says.

—MARTY BELL



When he's not watching a football game (with Dan Rooney of the Steelers), Rozelle enjoys fishing for wall trophies.



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SPORT TALK

BY DICK SCHAAP

DEATH TO THE DISBELIEVERS

I was one of the first believers. In a taxi cab, heading up to Harlem, making a pilgrimage to Sugar Ray Robinson's saloon, in the summer of 1960, a week before the Olympic Games were to begin in Rome, an 18-year-old kid named Cassius Marcellus Clay told me he was going to be the heavyweight champion of the world. And I believed him.

Most of the time since then, I have believed him. When we drove around Louisville in his first used Cadillac, when we went to a Muslim gathering in St. Louis, when we cruised around Chicago with Tom Seaver, when we went backstage at "Hello, Dolly" to visit with Pearl Bailey, when we shared his wife Belinda's cooking at his home in Cherry Hill, when he clowned and I laughed at his training camp in Deer Lake, I believed him. I believed him when he said he was going to whup Sonny Liston, and I think I believed him when he said he was going to beat Joe Frazier in their first fight.

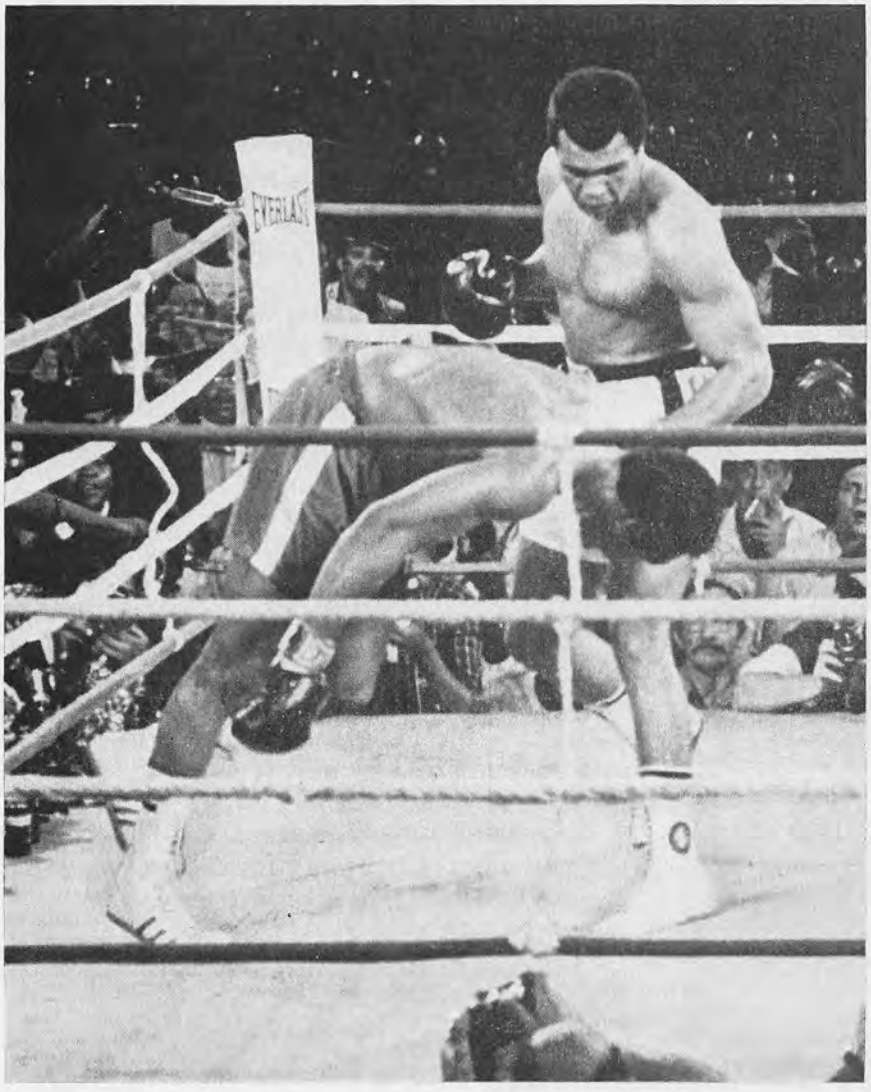
But I drew the line at George Foreman. I wanted to believe Muhammad Ali's bold words, wanted to believe he'd regain his title, but I couldn't.

Then, on Tuesday night, October 29, or Wednesday morning, October 30, depending on your continent, in the space of 31 minutes—eight rounds of boxing and seven minutes of reflection—Muhammad Ali led me, and millions of others, through a full range of human emotions.

First, like so many others, I was fearful, afraid that Foreman might inflict some terrible damage upon Ali, might scramble his mind or, even worse, mess up his pretty face. Then, when Ali got through the first round without physical or psychic scar, I was grateful. In the second round, when Foreman seemed to be hitting Ali at will—and I didn't suspect then that it was at Ali's will—I worried again.

But in the ensuing rounds, as Ali's strategy became increasingly clear, as Foreman's power steadily diminished, as the possibility of serious damage vanished, I was filled with amazement, with amusement, with awe. By the seventh round, the notion that Foreman might hurt Ali seemed ridiculous. The only question left, and it was a gnawing one, was whether Ali could summon the punch to put Foreman away. I was uncertain. Curious.

And then he did it, and he did it with three punches, each a separate work of art, each vivid to the naked eye, and after the third punch, as Foreman toppled to the canvas, the final artistic touch, only one emotion remained: Elation, total, ecstatic elation, a sudden realization that the worst does not have to happen, that logic can be beaten,



After Ali had performed his wizardry, after he had sapped Foreman's strength, all that remained was George's fall.

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that the defeat of logic can be one of the sweetest feelings in the world.

Of course, he's the greatest. From a selfish point of view, I'd like to see him retire now. He can't top that act. Or can he?

MVP: ROLLIE IN RELIEF

It is not true that Oakland's Rollie Fingers won the SPORT-American Motors Most Valuable Player award the day before the 1974 World Series began. It is not true that as soon as Fingers got into his pre-Series brawl with Blue Moon Odom, and came away with five stitches in his head, he clinched the honor as the perfect symbol of the fighting A's. It didn't hurt any, though.

Going into the last game of the Series, Fingers was among Oakland's seven logical contenders for MVP, along with Ken Holtzman, Catfish Hunter, Joe Rudi, Dick Green, Bert Campaneris and Reggie Jackson. Each of six of the seven candidates had a chance to be MVP if he put on an especially strong performance in the final game; Holtzman had a chance to win if none of the others played particularly well.

Campaneris and Jackson did nothing special in the last game; Holtzman and Hunter didn't play; Green, whose fielding spiced a rather drab Series, maintained his perfect hitless record at bat; and Rudi established himself as the leading contender for the award when he hit a home run to break a 2-2 tie.

If the game had ended right there, or if Vida Blue or Blue Moon Odom had been able to finish the game, Rudi probably would have won the award. After all, his home run was the most significant hit of the Series, his batting average for the five games was .333 and he led both teams in runs-batted-in with four. Besides, Rudi had spent half the Series at first base, away from his normal left-field post, and he had not made an error at either position.

But then Rollie Fingers came in to pitch the eighth and ninth innings. He was making his fourth appearance in five games. He held the Los Angeles Dodgers scoreless (thanks largely to the strange baserunning of LA's Bill Buckner) and earned his second save of the Series. He also had one victory. His earned-run-average for the Series was 2.00. "Who's the MVP?" said Reggie Jackson a few minutes after the final out. "Rollie?"

For his artful pitching, Fingers got a Jeep Wagoneer and words of wisdom from Bowie Kuhn, Lee MacPhail and Bobby Bonds (above); Godfrey Cambridge and Jimmy Breslin (right), SPORT's editor and Rocky Graziano (see opposite page).

Reggie, the 1973 winner, was right, and six days after the Series ended, Rollie Fingers came to New York to pick up a plaque, an MVP ring and the American Motors car of his choice, a yellow Jeep Wagoneer, which he can use to carry his golf clubs to his next major athletic outing, his first appearance in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. Fingers was only the second relief pitcher to win the MVP award in its 20-year history—Larry Sherry of the Dodgers was the other—and the third straight Oakland A.

The luncheon to honor Fingers, at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan, drew a distinguished crowd, including the Commissioner of Baseball, Bowie Kuhn; the president of the American League, Lee MacPhail; and the newest New Yorker, Bobby Bonds, who had been traded to the Yankees the day before. Godfrey Cambridge, the actor-comedian; Jimmy Breslin, the journalist-novelist; and Rocky Graziano, the boxer-thespian, were among the speakers. Cambridge admitted that, as a youngster, his only

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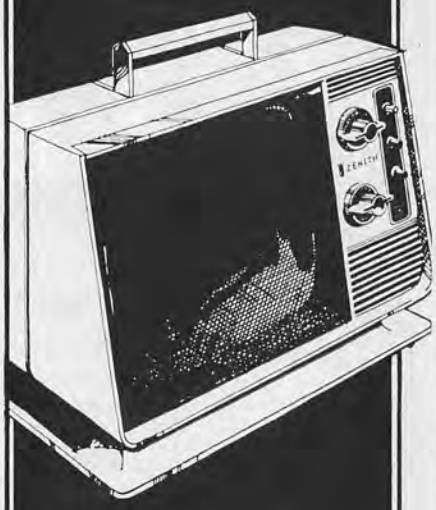

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baseball ambition was to grow up to be Whitey Ford; Graziano admitted that, if Charlie Finley and the A's need him, he is willing to become baseball's first designated puncher.

Finley himself was unable to attend. He was suffering with a broken jaw. Someone said that he had kicked himself, with his hoof.

REGGIE'S RAGE

During the one travel day of the 1974 World Series, during the 24 hours provided for the 45-minute flight from Los Angeles to Oakland, Reggie Jackson gave SPORT a lot of free publicity. He didn't have to do that, just because we gave him a car the year before, but still, it was nice of him.

Reggie chose the occasion of an Oakland practice session to attack the ancestry, integrity and morality of Murray Olderman, the author of the Reggie Jackson profile in our October issue. Good sportsmanship and the obscenity laws make us reluctant to reprint exactly what Jackson screamed at Olderman, in front of a few dozen witnesses, but the remarks were sufficiently harsh for the wire services to carry the story.

Jackson is entitled to his opinion, but his timing was miserable. The October issue went off the newsstands two days after Jackson's outburst. If he had only exploded a few days earlier, he could have sold a lot more copies.

Incidentally, if Jackson had hit just a little better in the World Series, if he had merited the Most Valuable Player award, he definitely would have gotten the honor. And knowing Reggie, and his fluctuating moods, I suspect he would have shown up to pick up the car.

Then he would have run me over. It would have been terrific publicity.

RAW POWER

In light of the recent demonstration by the East German swimming team that swimmers can cut down their times by eliminating their suits, and in light of the ancient Greek practice of having Olympic athletes compete nude, SPORT sent a reporter named Edwin Black to the Naked Olympics last summer at Naked City, Ind., a high-class nudist colony.

Black didn't see much high-class athletic ability in the Naked Olympics, although he did see a lot of almost everything else. But the trip wasn't wasted.

To observe naked sprinters, pole vaulters, shot putters and long jumpers, Black was encouraged to adopt their attire. He did, immediately exposing his own tendency toward overweight.

Since attending the Naked Olympics, Black has shed more than 50 pounds and, presumably, a few inhibitions.

PUCK POWER

Derek Sanderson did it again. Just when the former Boston playboy, and former Philadelphia no-playboy, seemed to be fitting in perfectly with his new team, the New York Rangers, demonstrating both proper attitude and aptitude, he went and took on his coach, Emile Francis. Worse, he beat his coach.

The funny thing was that Francis enjoyed the beating. The game was a lightning-fast table sport called air hockey, the score was 7-5, and Francis and Sanderson and Jimmy the Greek were on hand as part of a promotion arranged by the Brunswick Corporation, which builds large air-hockey tables; Aurora Toys, which builds a smaller version; and Holiday Inns, which provided the site for the North American Air Hockey Championships.

The Sanderson-Francis exhibition followed the title match between Dave Barnett, a 19-year-old University of Georgia student, and Pat "Spiderman" Wolff, a 24-year-old Baltimorean. Barnett, the underdog, won, earning a $5,000 prize, prompting Sanderson to comment, "Imagine playing for five grand and not having to worry about having your head knocked off."

Sanderson disguised his enthusiasm for the training methods favored by both Barnett and Wolff. Barnett plays his air hockey in Georgia night clubs; Wolff represents the E. J. Bugs Bar in Baltimore. Barnett said he'd use his winnings for "my education," but Wolff, who got $1,000 as the runnerup, planned a more Derek-like use. "I'm goin' back to my bar," said Wolff, "and buy a few for my friends."

TARGET: SUPER BOWL

SUPER BOWL 7

What do the following men have in common?

WR	**Harold Carmichael, Phil.**	**DE**	**Claude Humphrey, Atl.**
WR	**Harold Jackson, L.A.**	**DE**	**Jack Gregory, N.Y.G.**
TE	**Riley Odoms, Denver**	**DT**	**Joe Greene, Pitt.**
T	**George Kunz, Atl.**	**DT**	**Mike Reid, Cinn.**
T	**Ernie McMillan, St. L.**	**LB**	**Andy Russell, Pitt.**
G	**Reggie McKenzie, Buff.**	**LB**	**Dave Wilcox, S.F.**
G	**Tom Mack, L.A.**	**LB**	**Isiah Robertson, L.A.**
C	**Forrest Blue, S.F.**	**CB**	**Ken Ellis, G.B.**
QB	**Sonny Jurgensen, Wash.**	**CB**	**Jim Johnson, S.F.**
RB	**O. J. Simpson, Buff.**	**S**	**Bill Bradley, Phil.**
RB	**John Brockington, G.B.**	**S**	**Ken Houston, Wash.**

In the first place, each of the 22 men has been All-Pro at least once. In the second place, as a unit, they are probably as good as any group of 22 men in the National Football League. In the third place, and perhaps most significantly, none of the 22 has ever played in a Super Bowl game.

That last fact makes these 22 men members of the majority. Most professional football players never get to see a Super Bowl game from ground level. Merlin Olsen, a Pro Bowl performer ten times, has never been a Super Bowl performer. Fran Tarkenton, the man on our cover,

SUPER BOWL 9

TARGET: SUPER BOWL

the man who will break all the career passing records in pro football within a couple of seasons, didn't get to his first Super Bowl until last January, his 13th pro season.

Tarkenton, of course, is among the favorites to show up at Super Bowl IX in New Orleans. "I think the Vikings are a better team this year than we were a year ago," says Tarkenton, "and I think it's easier to win a Super Bowl the second time you play in it. You know what to expect the second time. I don't mean in the game; I mean in the week leading up to the game. You can hear what it's like a hundred times, but you can't believe it till you actually go through it. It's a circus."

History is on the side of Tarkenton's theory. Three teams have played in two consecutive Super Bowls—Green Bay, Dallas and Miami—and all three won the second time around (two of the three, Dallas and Miami, lost in their first appearances).

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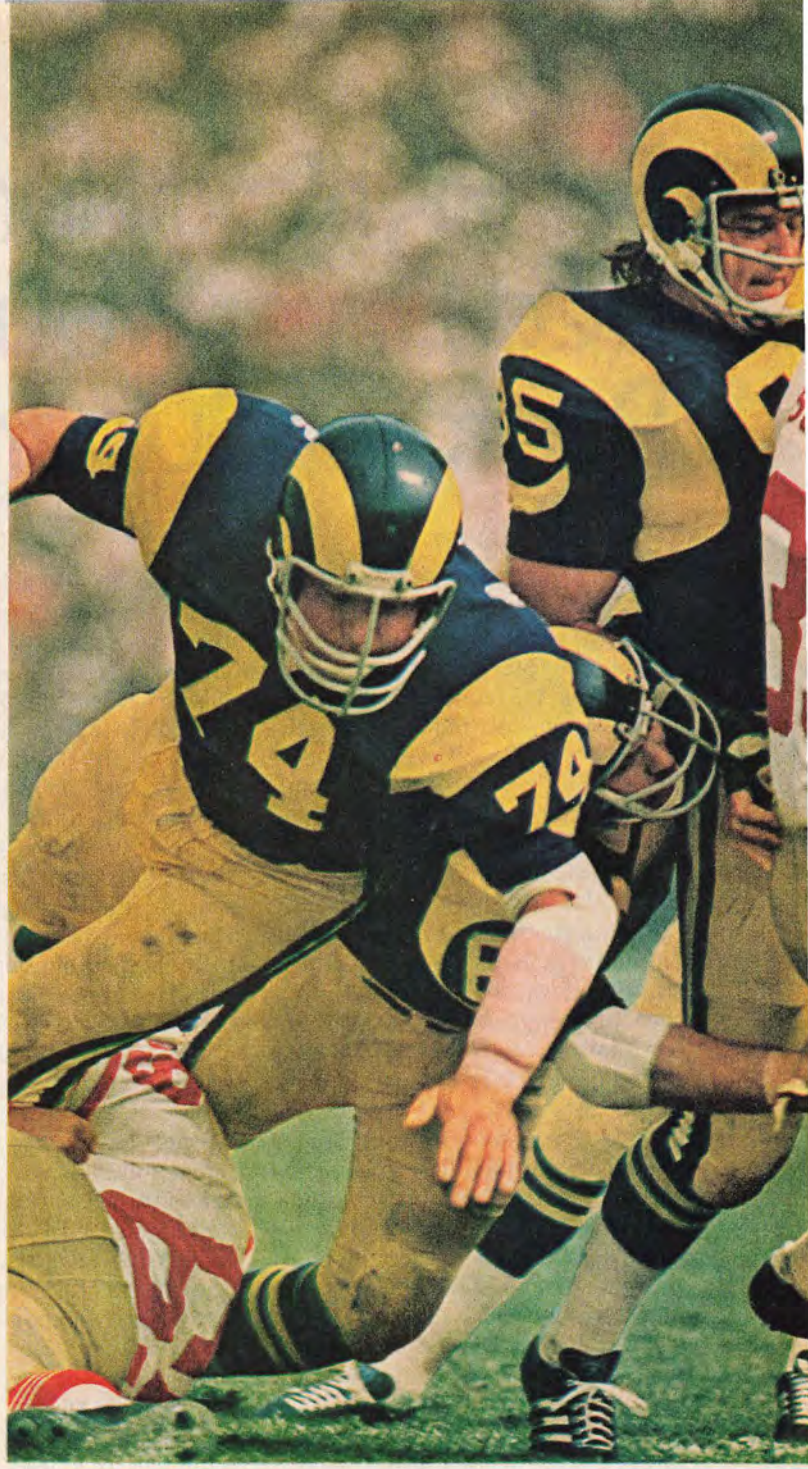

New England's Mack Herron (left), Minnesota's Ed Marinaro (center) and Los Angeles' Fred Dryer share the same ambition: To spend January in New Orleans.

"I just hope I get a chance to test the theory," says Tarkenton.

On the following pages, we focus in on a group of players, all of whom would like to spend mid-January in New Orleans. The odds are that not more than one of them will make it, that most of them will be eliminated.

Three of the following stories emphasize individuals: Fred Dryer of the Los Angeles Rams, one of many sturdy players on a sturdy team; Bill Bergey, the linebacker the Philadelphia Eagles acquired from Cincinnati this season to give backbone to their defense; and Mack Herron, the miniature running back of the New England Patriots.

The fourth story concentrates upon a team, the St. Louis Cardinals, the upstarts who stunned the National Football League by winning their first seven games of the 1974 season. Of the 48 men on the roster of the Cardinals, only one has ever played in a Super Bowl. His name is Donny Anderson, and when he broke into the NFL with the Green Bay Packers, he was spoiled. His first two seasons as a pro, he wound up in the first two Super Bowls, in 1967 and 1968. He began to suspect that it was automatic, that he would go back every season. He has not played in a Super Bowl since. ■

SUPER BOWL 9

For His Next Number, Fred Dryer Would Like To Portray A Super Bowl Player

BY LANCE RENTZEL

The smell of analgesic balm, chlorine and sweat hung in the air. So did the stereo sounds of Stevie Wonder, echoing across the concrete, filling the locker room of the Los Angeles Rams.

"Time for a little soul train!" Isiah Robertson shouted. The Rams' All-Pro linebacker leaped to the middle of the floor and began to dance. He was immediately joined by two cornerbacks, Eddie McMillan and Al Clark, the three of them strutting down the aisle between the rows of metal lockers, in near-perfect unison, occasionally bumping their hips together in time with the music.

Fred Dryer stood nearby, running his hands through his long sandy hair. The round, boyishly-handsome face was scanning the room, his hazel eyes taking in everything. At six-foot-six and 230 pounds, with the lean, muscular physique of a ballet dancer, Dryer resembles a surfer more than one of the finest defensive ends in football.

"Hey Fred," someone called out, "since we're playing the Chargers tomorrow, the least you could do is give us a Prothro speech at dinner."

Fred Dryer checked his watch. 6:15. All of the players and coaches should be in the dining room. He was in the men's room. On the shelf next to him were his props: A tiny black hat, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses with extra-thick lenses, a cigarette and some silly putty.

Dryer is a gifted impersonator. His subjects include Carroll Rosenbloom, Chuck Knox and Merlin Olsen—owner, coach and veteran tackle of the Rams—and he does them all superbly. But his favorite character is Tommy Prothro, the head coach of the San Diego Chargers. Prothro was the Rams' head coach in 1971 and 1972; his looks, mannerisms and phrases provide Dryer with endless material.

Dryer took the silly putty and pressed it onto his face, carefully shaping it into a huge, bulbous nose. He put on the hat and glasses and then checked himself out in the mirror. His upper lip curled over the bottom lip, and his eyes bulged.

"All right," he said, picking up the cigarette as he walked out.

Fred Dryer has been a professional football player for six years, a Los Angeles Ram for three. He started his NFL career with the New York Giants, and from 1969 through 1971, he was one of the few Giants who could do a convincing portrayal of a football player. Some games, he seemed to be making every tackle for the Giants. His last year in New York, as the team stumbled to a 4-10 record, Dryer was unhappy, and he did not keep his misery a secret. The Giants loved Dryer's aptitude, but disliked his attitude. At the end of the 1971 season, he and Fran Tarkenton were shipped away, Dryer (via New England in a three-way deal) to Los Angeles and Tarkenton to Minnesota. Neither did a very good job of disguising his pleasure at being traded from the sagging Giants to genuine Super Bowl contenders. Tarkenton made it to the Super Bowl last January; Dryer, who is 28, would like to make it this year.

Dryer paused at the entrance to the dining room to make certain his nose was in place. He lit the cigarette and went inside, walking exactly like Prothro, arms folded, upper body immobile, only the legs moving. Like a toy duck being pulled along on a string. His right hand was over his mouth, allowing him to smoke as he walked.

Everyone greeted him with cheers and applause. Dryer shuffled down to the front of the room and turned to face the Rams.

"Now, Ah'd like to talk to you about sumthin' that's important, an' yet it's not very important." Dryer gasped for breath as he took a deep drag on the cigarette. "Most of the time it's important. At least it used to be. Anyway, we're playin' a tough team tomorrah. But Ah really don't know how good the Rams are. On the other hand, Ah don't know how good we are. Even if we play our best, we could lose. An' yet, if we played our worst, we could win. Anythin' could happen in a big game like this!"

Dryer took another drag and went on. "If we're gonna beat the Rams, we gotta have a burnin' desire to win. Now, Ah can relate to a burnin' desire to win. Although Ah can no longer compete on the field, Ah can compete in my own way. You see, Ah have a swimmin' pool at my house, an' sometimes Ah invite friends over an' challenge 'em to a breath-holdin' contest. Now, Ah smoke six packs of Camels a day. Ah have the worst lungs 'n the world. Ah know that. They must

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SUPER BOWL 9 Next Number

CONTINUED

look like two burnt-out mufflers."

Dryer paced back and forth in his Prothro walk, waiting for the laughter to subside.

"So Ah go right up to my friend 'n say, 'Ah challenge you to a breath-holdin' contest at the bottom of my pool.' And he says, 'All right.' Ah take a deep breath and Ah go to the bottom. He takes a deep breath and he goes to the bottom. And there Ah am, lookin' 'im right in the eye. Bubbles are comin' outta my ears and my nose. An' they're big bubbles, cuz Ah gotta big nose!"

Once again Dryer waited for the laughter to end.

"Now, all of a sudden Ah realize my lungs are burnin'. Ah'm runnin' outta air! Ah need more air! Ah gotta stay down, Ah gotta win! So Ah say to myself, 'Tommy, you can do it, no matter what you've smoked, or how much, if you've got that burnin' desire to win!' Ah start yellin' to myself, 'Gimme some air!' The next thing Ah know, my arms are pumpin' air to my lungs, faster than they've ever pumped before! And Ah'm able to stay down a little longer. But my opponent is tough, real tough. Ah'm gonna need more air to beat 'im. So Ah tell my legs, 'Okay, legs, you're my pals, you're all Ah got left, gimme all you got, Ah love ya!' Then my legs kick in another minute's worth. By now, my opponent's turnin' blue, he can't take it any longer, and he heads for the surface! Ah've defeated him, cuz Ah had that burnin' desire to win!"

Dryer turned and shuffled off, smoking all the way. His teammates gave him a standing ovation.

Fred Dryer is an unusual football player—he punishes himself as well as opponents on every single play—with a most unusual lifestyle. He lives in a cream-colored Volkswagen bus, complete with all the necessities. Stereo tape-deck. A bed in the back. An ice chest and several large bags behind the front seat, containing his clothes, personal papers and shaving kit. An alarm clock, two frisbees, a Duke football, an American flag, a rotating plastic Jesus, and a "GOD IS MY CO-PILOT" license plate.

His favorite outfit is a perfect match for his home: Jeans, gray t-shirt, a pair of green-and-yellow bowling shoes and a dirty white cap with letters that read "PERVO PAINT COMPANY."

"I like the idea of living in a floating capsule, with everything I need right here," says Dryer. "Free to go where I want to go, when I want to go. It's a very entertaining way to live, full of new and interesting situations, never even knowing for sure where you'll end up sleeping at night. I know of no other security like that.

"I've avoided cluttering up my life with things I don't need. Like houses, phones, televisions, credit cards, lots of expensive clothes. The more things you have, the more things you have to worry about. I want to remain secure in the feeling that I'll always have control over my life."

A couple of minutes before the opening kickoff against San Diego, Fred Dryer strolled towards midfield, flanked by the other Ram captains for this game. As he approached the waiting officials, Dryer put his hand over his mouth and started his Prothro walk.

"Ah'd walk a hundred miles for a Camel," he gasped. "But Ah'm worried. Last week Ah took the *Reader's Digest* Smokin' Test. Ah really did. My score indicated Ah shoulda died ten years ago!"

His teammates laughed. The rest of the group, including the two Charger captains, seemed confused.

"Ah'm tellin' you, Ah was scared," Dryer continued. "Ah just had to do sumthin'! . . . So Ah quit readin' *Reader's Digest*!"

The game began. When the Ram defense was on the field, Fred Dryer showed the qualities that make him one of the top defensive ends in the league. Great quickness, enough strength to overpower men 40 pounds heavier, pride, discipline. Leaping over a blocker to make the tackle. Pursuing the quarterback with reckless abandon. Always hustling. His tremendous enthusiasm for the game is obvious.

"I really love to play football," he once said. "I enjoy the intrinsic feeling of playing, the mere joy of playing. I could play every game with no people in the stands."

Fred Dryer headed down the long concrete corridor that led to the parking lot. The game had been over for nearly an hour, but a number of fans were still lingering around the players' exit, all of them anxious to see what pro athletes look like up close.

Dryer walked outside and was quickly surrounded by a group of people, mostly teenagers, gawking at him as they asked for his autograph. A heavy-set, middle-aged man edged his way through the crowd. He was carrying a small child.

"Great game, Freddie," the man said. "Looks like the Rams are going all the way this year!"

He pushed the baby right up to Dryer's face. "This is my son, Jim. He's only three, but I can already tell he's gonna be a great athlete. He's got NFL written all over him. In a couple of years, I'm going to put him on a weight-lifting program, so he can get a head-start on the other kids. One of these days, you'll be up in the stands watching him play!"

Dryer looked up into the man's beaming face.

"Say," said Dryer, "why don't you just let him enjoy being a kid for a while? Life will be kicking him in the face soon enough."

And then Fred Dryer, who enjoys being a kid, climbed into his home and drove off. ■

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SUPER BOWL 9

Coryell's Castoffs Change The Cardinals Into Contenders

BY GARY RONBERG

There is a cop on the traffic detail at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, a red-faced, congenial Irishman named Casey, whose duties have enabled him to study Cardinal football fans for years. A psychic Casey is not, nor does he profess to be one. Nevertheless, he can tell whether the Cardinals won or lost, even how and why, by the behavior of the fans as they pour into the stadium garage and parking lots following a home game.

"If the Cards lose, or just play lousy, the people come out mad," Casey says. "They can't get out of the garage fast enough. Cars bash into each other, the doors fly open and people come out swinging. Then they go home, and the next day we get reports of disturbances all over the city and county.

"A friend of mine, he's got a string of degrees behind his name, and he says this is a form of neurosis we all have. He says we've got to get rid of our frustrations one way or another. And over the years . . . well, Cardinal football fans have been more frustrated than most."

In 1974, however, Casey and his buddies saw a new pattern of behavior unfolding. Instead of gunning their engines, burning up their tires and bending other people's fenders, Cardinal fans were leaving arm-in-arm, marching into the nearest saloon for a joyous round of drinks, or calmly waiting for the traffic to clear.

Of course, the Cardinals were acting differently, too. They were acting like contenders, winning their first seven games in a row, and threatening to win their first division championship in 27 years.

Adding to the Cinderella atmosphere was the fact that the Cardinals prevailed with a cast of old faces, supported by a few good draft choices and a collection of bit players who had achieved little of consequence elsewhere. Jim Hart was still at quarterback, Jackie Smith at tight end. Ernie McMillan was at tackle, Larry Stallings at linebacker. Jim Bakken was the placekicker. The new faces were draft choices like Terry Metcalf, J. V. Cain and Greg Kindle, and former free agents Leo Brooks and Clarence Duren. Bob Young, Council Rudolph and Jim Otis were picked up on waivers, while Earl Thomas, Jim Tolbert and Roger Finnie were obtained through trades. All of a sudden Mel Gray was not dropping passes in the clear; Roger Wehrli had turned into one of the finest safeties in pro football.

And every week there was a new hero.

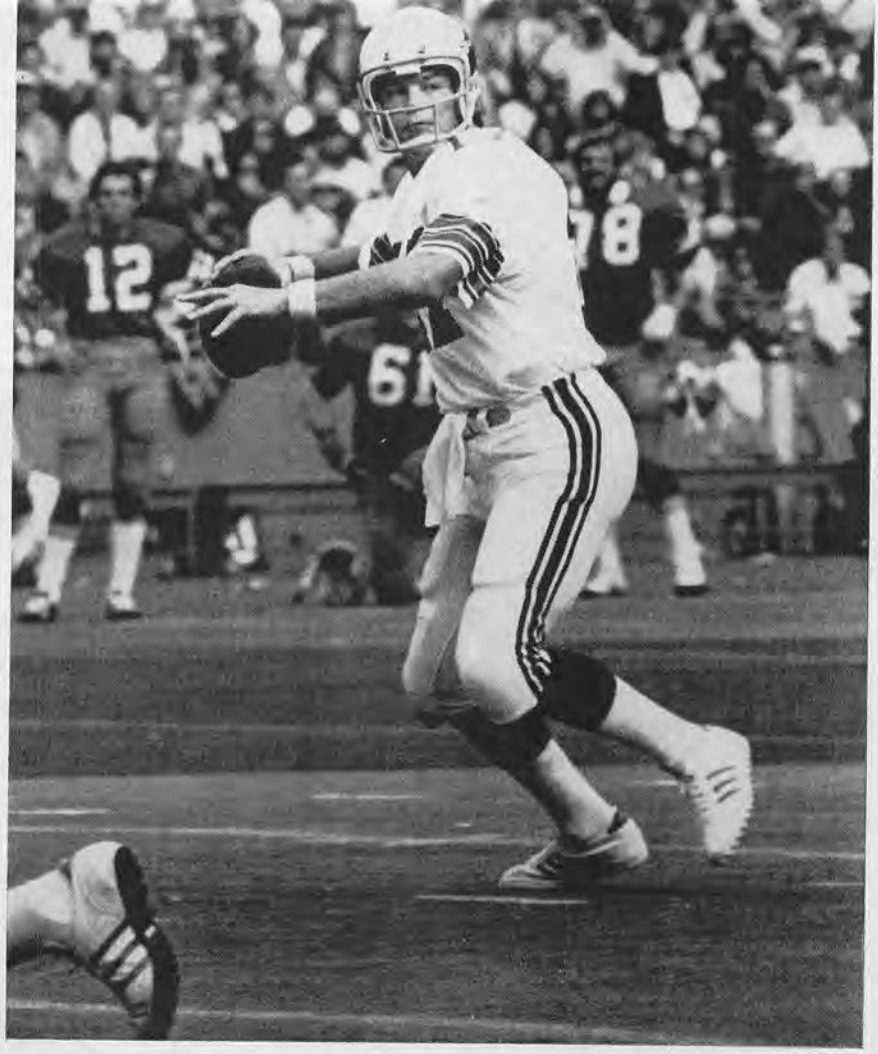
"Hell, let's not kid ourselves," said coach Don Coryell. "We're all selfish. We're all concerned with our individual careers. But the beauty of this team is that these players don't let striving for personal goals get in the way of their feeling for each other."

But *why,* asked Cardinal fans. How could a team that had finished 4-9-1 the past three years become a winner overnight? Larry Wilson is the most famous Cardinal of them all, once an annual All-Pro, and now an astute judge of talent in the St. Louis front office. "The difference," he says, "starts in that office (Coryell's) and goes all the way into that one (Joe Sullivan's)."

In 1972, after buying out his brother's share of the club, owner Bill Bidwell hired Coryell as head coach and Sullivan as the Cardinals' director of operations (general manager). Both men had grown used to winning, Sullivan with the Washington Redskins and the Los Angeles Rams, where he had been George Allen's right-hand man, and Coryell with San Diego State, where in 12 years as head coach he had won 104, lost 19 and tied three. And both men had acquired the same philosophy: Get the best players available, but above all, the kind who go all out on every play. In their first year, Sullivan and Coryell started pruning the Cardinals' roster of players who rated high on talent, but low on desire, replacing them with men who possessed inferior skills but better attitudes.

By midseason of 1974, when the Cardinals were the only undefeated team in pro football, only 17 players remained from the team Sullivan and Coryell had inherited 18 months before.

"There are teams in the league who will go after the All-Pros, the proven stars," says Sullivan. "San Diego is a good example. The problem is, when you do that, you're obligated to play those players whether they're doing the job or not. We knew there were a lot of players floating around out there who could do wonderful things if they were given the right atmosphere to play in. We felt we were building that atmosphere in St. Louis, so we looked at a lot of



After the bad years, Jim Hart's adjusting to victory: "When you have a bad game, someone else picks up the slack."

players, and kept those who seemed to fit into our scheme of things. The results speak for themselves."

The new spirit of St. Louis was irresistible, infecting veterans and rookies alike. Earl Thomas, for example, remembers what it was like when he arrived in camp after being acquired in a trade with the Chicago Bears. "I looked around and couldn't believe the potential," Thomas says. "I found myself wondering why they hadn't been winning before."

"We never, ever put a guy down when he does something wrong," explains Roger Finnie. "We just keep buttering him up and don't let him get down on himself."

"One Washington writer said I wasn't capable of playing five good games in a row," quipped Jim Hart. "Heck, I don't think I've ever played four good games in a row. The difference now is, when you have a bad game, there's always someone else—say, a Terry Metcalf—to pick up the slack."

"There's nothing more inspiring than to see a player of modest ability going all out on every play," says Sullivan. "On the other hand, there's nothing more discouraging than to see an All-Pro playing a mediocre game. When one of our players who had been cut or waived by another club came up with a big play, and they did all year long, our bench went wild. They mobbed him when he came off the field. And if that same guy went out and made a bad play, everyone was over there to slap him on the helmet and tell him he'd get 'em next time."

It was no coincidence that of all the gung-ho units on the Cardinals, the special teams generated a special enthusiasm. "George Allen made it a disgrace to be replaced on a special team," says Sullivan. "It wasn't a case of, 'Well, I won't have to go out on the suicide squad anymore.' It was definitely a demotion. Don Coryell feels the same way about special teams, and our players know it."

"Look at the fellows on our special teams," says Coryell. "Le Veck . . . Miller . . . Hammond . . . Crump . . . Duren . . . Belton . . . Metcalf. I mean, these guys kill themselves on every play. They consider it a privilege to play on a special team, and it is. That's why our special teams turned some games around, games we could have lost."

St. Louis could afford to lose a game or two. If there was one *player* St. Louis could least afford to lose, however, it was Terry Metcalf. Keeping him rested and healthy was, in fact, the very reason St. Louis acquired runners such as Ken Willard, Jim Otis and Willie Belton, and made clever use of Donny Anderson. Only five-foot-ten, 185, Metcalf was a constant threat to break a long-gainer, and he frequently did.

He was especially dangerous when returning punts and kickoffs, and in at least two instances, he kept the Cardinals undefeated. After the Dallas Cowboys fought back to tie, with three and a half minutes remaining, it was Metcalf's 56-yard kickoff return that set up a winning field goal. And a week later, after Houston had pulled to within four points, with four and a half minutes to go at the Astrodome, Metcalf returned a kickoff 61 yards, ultimately leaving the Oilers hopelessly pinned inside their ten-yard line when time ran out.

Of the Cardinals' opening seven victories, including two over the Washington Redskins, four were by four points or less, five by no more than a touchdown. When the streak came to an end, in the eighth game of the season, the Cardinals died the way they lived—dramatically. Dallas beat them, 17-14. Worse, Terry Metcalf twisted his knee and was sidelined at least temporarily. It was almost enough to make St. Louisians start beating on fenders again. ■

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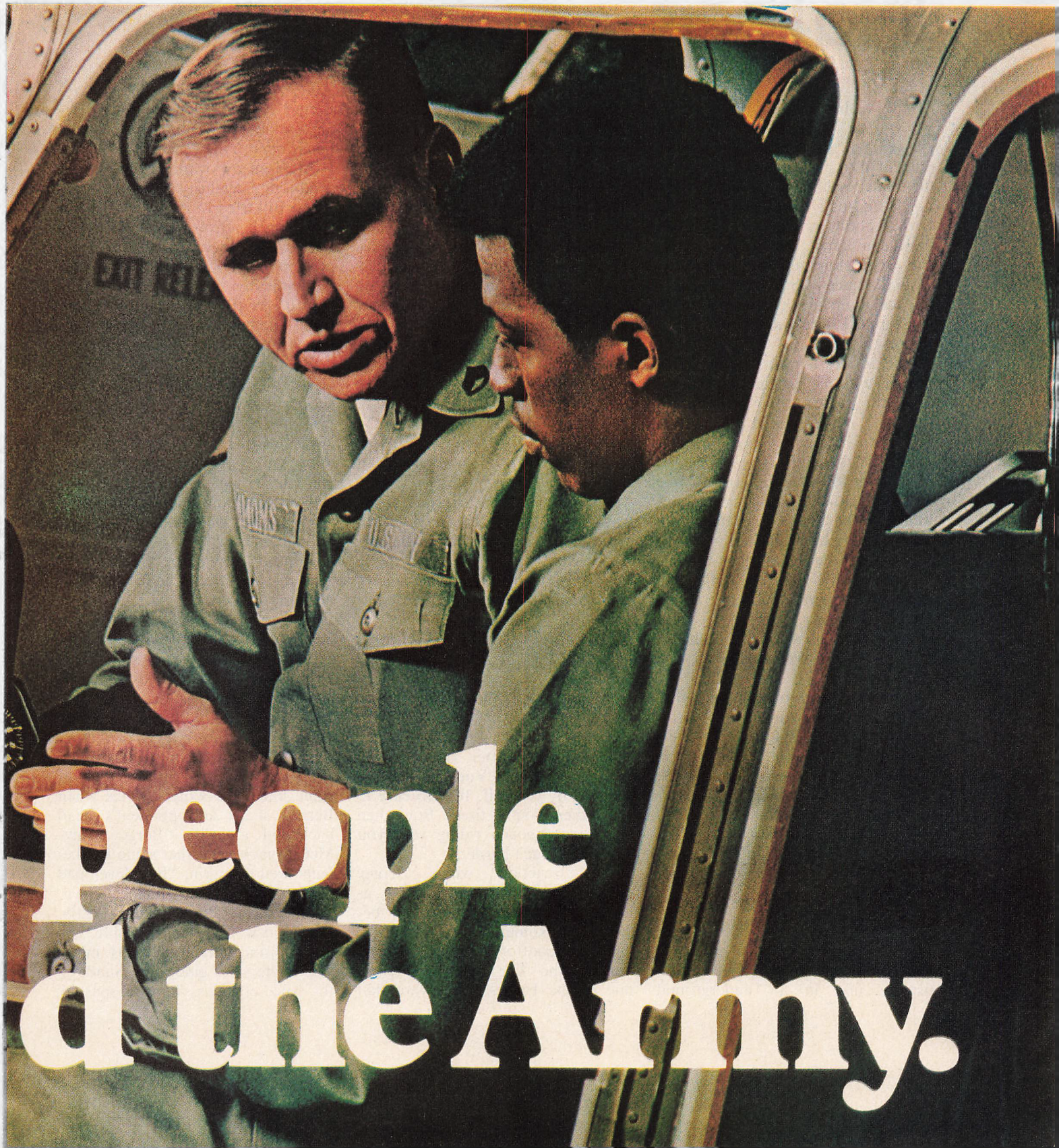

SUPER BOWL 9

Bill Bergey, Ex-Bengal Turns The Philadelphia Eagles Into Tigers

BY STAN HOCHMAN

On the same day in July that the Philadelphia Bell of the World Football League was scheduled to play its first game ever, the Philadelphia Eagles of the National Football League made a bid for attention by calling a "major" press conference. Newspaper, radio and television reporters gathered around a huge walnut table in a conference room in Veterans Stadium. A skeptical jury swapping cynical rumors.

The door to an inner office opened and out swaggered Leonard Tose, the Eagles' owner. Gray, dapper, with the grin of a guy marrying off his daughter to somebody named Rockefeller.

He was followed by coach Mike McCormack. Not as dapper, but wearing the same ecstatic grin. Then came a bookish little man. An agent, a lawyer or an agent-lawyer.

And, finally, a bulky young man entered, straining the seams of a chocolate-brown sports coat that looked like it had been purchased from a mail-order catalogue, one size too small.

The reporters looked at each other blankly. It was obvious he was a football player. But no one knew *which* football player.

Months later, Mike McCormack would laugh about that scene, after middle-linebacker Bill Bergey had awed Philadelphians with his belligerence, his whiplash tackling, the way he glued a shattered defense together.

At the end of the 1973 season, Mike McCormack had published verbally the kind of classified ad you usually find in an underground newspaper. He announced he was searching for a man to play middle linebacker, "a mean sonofabitch who can kick ass." Nobody ever thought that Bill Bergey of the Cincinnati Bengals would fill the job; he had signed for future delivery to the Washington Ambassadors of the WFL. But then Paul Brown decided he did not want any lame ducks or lame grizzlies on his Cincinnati football team. So Brown traded Bergey to the Eagles for a package of top draft choices. Meanwhile, the Washington Ambassadors became the Virginia Ambassadors, then the Florida Blazers. In the moving, Bergey's bonus loot disappeared. And so did his contractual commitment to the WFL.

From the Eagles, Bergey got a five-year contract that might have made some veteran teammates envious. And he crossed the training camp picket line, which might have made some striking teammates bitter.

"It was a very difficult decision," he said. "I felt I was letting down the Players Association. But if I didn't cross that picket line, I'd be letting down my teammates and coaching staff.

"I'm a slow starter. I had to have a training camp. You can't do it working by yourself. It's too easy to quit when you're tired. But when you have a coach riding you, you work that much harder."

The reaction when Bergey crossed the picket line was not as harsh as it might have been, because (1) Roman Gabriel, amidst a flurry of controversy, had already crossed the line and (2) every one of the Eagles was aware that Bergey could do for the fragile defense what Gabriel had done for the flimsy offense the year before.

After an awkward beginning, an exhibition against Cincinnati in which Bill tried to show Paul Brown how much Brown had lost, by naking every tackle, by batting down every pass, the fans fell in love with the violently efficient way Bergey played. By the third regular-season game, defensive coach Walt Michaels was raving about him. "I don't want to put the kiss of death on him," Michaels said, "but he's as good as I've ever seen. He's big, he's fast, and he'll hit. What's more, he's always alert. He sees more than one thing happening. He must have tremendous vision. There are guys who walk into a room and see the whole room. Other guys walk in and see only an ashtray."

What Bergey sees, Bergey hits. And the impact can be measured in megatons.

"Boom," Michaels says. "Like Rocky Marciano. When he hit, he exploded. Bergey knows how to gather himself. Some boxers are always on their toes, never in balance to deal a blow. Well, Bergey delivers with his body. You don't coach that. You can't teach that."

At the weekly Monday review of game films, the writers wince when Bergey snaps an opponent's head back with a tackle. "Bergey," says McCormack, with that same Rockefeller-wedding grin, "has developed that six-inch shoulder punch."

Weekdays, Bergey talks softly, mostly in words of one syllable, like an insurance man who has memorized the sales guide. On Sundays, the voice crackles, the eyes sparkle;

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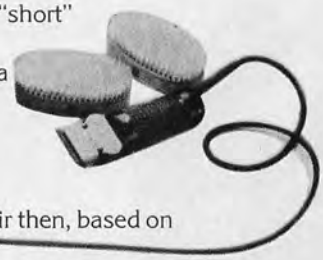

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The New Short Hair is different from the old short hair. There's more of it—no bare neck, no stick-out ears. But it's all short—about the same length all over your head. And loose-looking. Here's how you get it.

Ask your barber to scissor your hair—no clippers—to a length of about an inch on top and in back, graduating to about an inch and a half in front and on the sides.

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Now you have only two problems to cope with: fuzziness and dryness.

In no time short hair can look like sunburned straw. It needs frequent conditioning.

Re-enter Brylcreem, the conditioning hairdressing.

Half of what used to be called "a little dab" can fight fuzziness and dryness while giving you the healthy, conditioned look the New Short Hair needs.

Massage in well, especially after shampooing. Now, comb, following the natural growth pattern of your hair. Part it or not.

The New Short Hair. It's easy to take care of. It's easy looking. Brylcreem believes it's the hair you'll be living with for a long time to come.

The Brylcreem® group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab'll do ya."

SUPER BOWL 9

Bill Bergey

CONTINUED

the insurance salesman turns into a snarling brawler.

See him deliver a crunching blow with his forearm. See him yell at an official, the veins swelling in his thick neck. See him hold hands with a teammate in a defensive huddle, preaching togetherness in a voice that can be heard across the bridge in Camden, N.J.

"People say he's an animal," his wife Micky says. "And it's so wrong. Bill is the kindest, most generous person I've ever met."

Bill and Micky Bergey and their two young sons live in a huge house in historic Chadds Ford. You can tell the day of the week by the atmosphere inside. "About Thursday," Bergey says, "something starts happening to me. I can just start sensing the feeling that something is coming. And the something that's coming is the Sunday ballgame. From Thursday on," he adds, "I'm a miserable person. I've got to have everything just right. Everything. Even my eggs. I want to do my best and I want everything right, on the way to doing my best.

"Come Sunday at one o'clock, I want to be ready to explode."

There was the week before one midseason game against Dallas when Mrs. Bergey thought she would explode first. "The worst week I ever spent," she recalls. "He did things he'd never done before. Like sleep on the couch. He'd never done that before. And some nights he went to bed before the kids were ready to go to bed.

"Then he had an awful game against Dallas. I told him, if you're going to be that miserable all week, the least you can do is have a big game."

Mrs. Bergey is short and sweet and very pretty. She can get away with that kind of needling. Weekdays Bergey can handle it. Never on Sundays.

"I'm a very emotional person," he says, in his soft, mid-week voice. "If I think we're getting a raw deal from an official, I'll get in his face and let him know it. When they say I'm a wild man, it's because of the way I talk out there."

Opponents disagree. Talk doesn't cause pain. The Miami players insisted he kicked Howard Twilley in the head in the playoffs last year and they suggested a saliva test. He played like a wild man against Pittsburgh in 1973, cracking Terry Hanratty's ribs. Nobody recognized him when he first walked into that Eagles' conference, but not far into the season there were banners for "Bergey's Brawlers" and human interest stories about him and TV specials about him and effusive praise from teammates and coaches.

Still, Bergey insists, the recognition is not important to him. "I'm serious when I say that the greatest thrill for me would be to go to the Super Bowl. That would mean more to me than ten All-Pro selections. It's a dream. To play in the number one game of the number one sport. To be able to tell my children and grandchildren I played in that game."

If he had gone to the WFL, he might never have realized that dream. If he had stayed with the Bengals, he might have gotten to the Super Bowl in a few years. But, Bergey is convinced, the quickest route begins in Philadelphia. "The Bengals were 10-4 last year," he says. "Well, there's more talent here."

The odds are strong that neither Bergey nor the Eagles will make it to the Super Bowl this year. But eventually, Bergey expects to be busy on a Super Sunday. It should be a miserable week for his wife. ■

Bill Bergey, middle linebacker, is "the kindest person I've ever met"—according to his wife, not according to opponents.

Pack the Pipers Scotch. We've made quite a case for it this season.

You'll go for the taste of the Scotch. And the case. It's imported—just like Pipers. It's soft like leather. And zippered to open on the greatest Scotch you ever gave or got. And you get it at no extra cost.* How's that for Seagram's Greetings?

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SUPER BOWL 9

If The Patriots Win The Super Bowl, Mack Herron Deserves A Super Cup

BY DIANE SHAH

In recent years, the trend in the NFL has been to draft bigger players than ever before. First came mammoth linemen, moveable Redwoods able to block the vision of any quarterback who didn't measure more than six-feet. The antidote to the towering lineman, of course, was the towering quarterback and the towering wide receiver.

But then, almost unnoticed among the giants, a breed of pro-football pygmy began to prosper. Dallas had Bobby Newhouse, the Giants had Doug Kotar and Leon McQuay, and waiting in the wings were Ohio State's Archie Griffin and USC's Anthony Davis—none of them much taller than five-foot-nine.

Six-foot-six, 270-pound defensive tackles could manhandle the big NFL running backs. They could hardly *find* the little ones. And the one who proved hardest to find of all was the smallest of them all, Mack Herron of the New England Patriots. At five-foot-five, 170 pounds, Herron is the shortest man in the NFL. Standing shoulder high to his Patriot teammates, who average over six-foot-one, he looks like the bratty kid brother who won't go away.

Opposing teams wish he would. In 1973, Herron ran back kickoffs for more yards (1,092) than anyone else. He gained more total yards (1,839) than anyone except O.J. Simpson.

"Sometimes," says Colt linebacker Mike Curtis, "it's hard to see him lined up behind all those big cattle."

Herron admits he uses his linemen to advantage, comparing himself to "a dart shooting through a hollow tube." The secret of his success, he says, is that "even when I'm up they think I'm down." Jim Plunkett, the New England quarterback, remembers waiting on the sidelines for a kickoff return and seeing Herron make the catch and start downfield. "And then," says Plunkett, "he completely disappeared." The quarterback was about to jog onto the field when, as he recalls, "all of a sudden Mack popped out the other side. It was really weird."

To be sure, being a little man among giants has its, well, shortcomings. Consider. It was Mack's big moment to appear on the cover of a national magazine and what did the photographer have in mind? That Sam Cunningham, Herron's six-foot-three running mate, lift him up and dangle him at eye level. Moreover, Herron is the only Patriot who is not called by his christian name over the public-address system. Instead, he must suffer through "Mini Mack," a name he says "I don't know I'd answer to."

Herron, 26, is a quiet, soft-spoken man who, perhaps because he is tired of looking up all the time, generally speaks with his eyes downcast. He punctuates his brief remarks with frequent "you knows" and a flutter of hand motions. Generally he tries to accommodate, although he seems understandably weary of discussing both his height and his heroics. After scoring on a 92-yard kick-off return against San Diego last year, Herron was besieged by reporters. "If I'd known I was going to take all this," he finally snapped, "I might have decided not to break it."

In some ways, Herron makes an unlikely hero, having carried his bad-boy reputation from the West Side of Chicago right into the Canadian Football League—and out of it again two years later. The second of seven children, Mack grew up in one of those friendly neighborhoods where people on one block didn't take kindly to visitors from the next. "Your feet," Herron says, "were the only things that kept you out of trouble. You better believe I learned how to use mine.

"I used to steal," he admits. "My specialty was wheels. I knew there was always a market for wheels." Herron also recalls his gang's annual picnic, the food for which was unwittingly supplied by a corner market. "We'd always send the little kids to the back where the meat was," he says.

One of Herron's favorite hangouts, however, became the local YMCA where, fortuitously, one of the instructors was a man about five-foot-five. Mack already had the talent; the instructor provided the inspiration. "I tried every sport," he says, "track, wrestling, baseball, football, basketball. I knew I had good speed and coordination, and I also knew there was only one way I was ever gonna get out of the West Side." The ultimate decision lay between track and football. Says Herron: "I knew that football, in the long run, was going to get me money."

He entered Kansas State University in 1969, roomed with, and blocked for, Larry Brown, played for a coach who was five-foot-five, was top receiver in the Big 8

Once Mack Herron starts moving behind one of New England's king-sized linemen, opponents have trouble finding him.

and the second leading scorer in the nation, behind Oklahoma's Steve Owens. He was Atlanta's sixth-round draft choice, but never signed. "Me and Van Brocklin couldn't see eye to eye," Mack contends, adding that "there were racial overtones." So he spent the 1970 season working with ghetto kids in San Diego before signing with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers of the CFL.

He did fine things for Winnipeg the next two years. He led the league in rushing, but what Herron will longest be remembered for was the knock on the door at 10 a.m. on a June morning in 1973.

The cops and the dogs found marijuana and cocaine, and Herron, who ultimately pleaded guilty to possession, no longer had a job in the CFL. "The judge fined me $1,000 and told me I was a bad example for kids," Herron says. "Okay, maybe he was right. But you've got to understand, where I came from kids began experimenting with grass and heroin at age eight and nine."

Figuring that his football days were over, Herron took a job selling Canadian-made jeans to Chicago retailers, and had taken about 200 orders when Dick Steinberg, his college coach, scouted him for New England. Patriot head coach Chuck Fairbanks took but a brief look and said okay. "I knew what he could do," Fairbanks says. Indeed, in college Herron had run back a kickoff 100 yards against an Oklahoma team coached by Chuck Fairbanks. Mack was given a contract along with a warning: No drugs.

It may have been the realization that this was his last chance, it may have been the drowning of his brother, it may even have been his marriage to Lenora, the girl he knew in high school, but Herron says, "My attitude about a lot of things began to change." He professes a deep interest in religion and speaks of reading the Bible. He says that when the time comes for him to quit football, he would simply like to do "good things for people."

There are plenty of people in New England who think Mack Herron is already doing good things. In fact, Mack Herron has become New England's favorite Patriot. It is his name now, not Plunkett's, that appears on stadium placards. Fans cheer him partly for his running ability, but mainly because he is one hero that normal-sized people can identify with. "No, Herron is not hard to fit," says a Patriot equipment man. "It's the others. Mack wears regular sizes." Pint-sized children, who used to watch from the sidelines, now march boldly into the huddle announcing, "I'm Herron today." And hearing that Mack was to be paid $1,000 for a two-hour autograph session at Sears (the fee was actually $300), a lipstick salesgirl called out to her friend in perfumes, "Say, maybe I should try out for the team, too. After all, I'm almost five-five!"

His teammates respect him for his determination, his fearlessness and his ability. They realize that his size is an asset, not a liability. Jim Plunkett insists that having a five-foot-five running back around "doesn't mean I have to do anything different."

Then Plunkett pauses. He grins. He says, "I just have to remember to hand off a little low." ■

DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

THE SUPER BOWL STARS?

MAX McGEE AND BART STARR

On January 14, 1967, the night before the Green Bay Packers met the Kansas City Chiefs in the first Super Bowl, each participant prepared for the historic event in his own special way.

Bart Starr, the Green Bay quarterback, for example, was in his hotel room well before curfew. He was a team man who lived strictly by coach Vince Lombardi's rules, who threw precision passes that were almost never intercepted. "There was an awful lot of pressure on us," says Starr, "because everyone expected the NFL to win—and win handily." Right after bed-check, Bart Starr went to sleep.

Max McGee, a Green Bay receiver, didn't want to miss bed-check, either. As soon as the bed-check was made, McGee slipped into his clothes and out of the hotel. He didn't return until around 7:30 the following morning.

"I had caught only three passes all season, and I never figured I'd play that day," says McGee. "Imagine how I felt when Boyd Dowler got hurt early in the game and I was called in. But it was an opportunity, and I'm not one to let an opportunity slip by."

McGee let hardly anything slip by that day. He caught seven passes for 138 yards and two touchdowns.

While McGee surprised everyone, Starr surprised no one. He gave a typical Starr performance, completing 16 of 23 passes for 250 yards, two touchdowns and the MVP award. The unlikely duo of McGee and Starr led the Packers to a 35-10 victory.

McGee played one more season before retiring; Starr stepped down in 1971. Today, both are highly successful businessmen. Starr, 40, lives in Green Bay with his wife and two sons, and operates Bart Starr Distributors. He also owns two Lincoln-Mercury auto agencies in Birmingham, Ala., and is a commentator for CBS football.

McGee, 42, in partnership with former teammate Fuzzy Thurston, owns a chain of restaurants in Wisconsin and Minnesota, most of them called "The Left Guard," one called "The Right End." He is a bachelor, and he admits, he still has trouble making curfews.

—Sheryl Flatow

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

In recent seasons, Phil Esposito has completely dominated the scoring races in the NHL. . . . He has led in goals scored in each of the last five seasons, a record, and he has led in total points in each of the last four seasons, and five times in the last six years (finishing second to teammate Bobby Orr in 1969-70).

In each of the last four seasons, Esposito has made a runaway out of the point production race in the NHL, leading by margins of 13, 16, 26 and 23 points. . . . Bobby Orr was the runner-up in three of those seasons, and Bobby Clarke was the number two man in 1972-73. . . . Last year it was 145 points for Esposito and 122 for Orr (with two other Bruins, Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman ranking third and fourth, with 105 and 89). . . . If Esposito leads the league in points again this season, he will become the first player ever to lead five years in a row (he currently shares the record of four in a row, with Gordie Howe), and it will be his sixth scoring title, tying Howe's record.

In the last five seasons, Esposito has averaged 61.6 goals per year, leading by one, 25, 16, three and 16 goal margins. . . . His only tight races were in 1969-70 when he nosed out Gary Unger, 43 to 42 and in 1972-73, when he edged Mickey Redmond, 55 to 52. . . . Last season, he scored 68 goals, compared to 52 for runner-up Richard Martin of Buffalo. . . . In 1970-71, Esposito scored 76 times, Johnny Bucyk finishing second, with 51, and in 1971-72, it was 66 goals for Esposito, and 50 each for Vic Hadfield and Bobby Hull. . . . Esposito has had the three best one-season goal totals in NHL history, 76, 68 and 66.

Assists specialist Bobby Orr and Esposito started the current season as the alltime NHL leaders in points-per-game average, with 1.358 and 1.356, respectively. . . . Stan Mikita, with a 1.097 average, is the only other active 300-game player with an average of better than one point per game. . . . In his seven seasons with Boston, Esposito has averaged 124 points per season, and 1.63 points per game, compared to .74 points per game in his three and a half prior seasons with the Black Hawks.

Esposito's lifetime average (prior to 1974-75 season) of .606 goals-per-game, is the best in the NHL in the last 40 seasons. . . . Among active NHL players who have scored at least 200 goals. Yvan Cournoyer of the Canadiens ranks second with .466, and Detroit's Mickey Redmond is third, with .438.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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Almost every skier up here today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Sandford R. Brochure, resort owner. Gimmick: Every weekend predicts "two inches of powder is coming!" (It's his wife—wearing heavy make-up.) Just bought some super-cool menthol cigarettes, and they turned to slush. **2.** She's Althea Home. Gimmick: Stretch pants so tight she mends them with spray paint. Thinks a ski pole is an athlete from Warsaw. **3.** An abominable snowman. **4.** No, he's Boyer U. Dumm, beginner. Skis like a man being attacked by a lumber yard. Has been picked up so often by ski patrol, they've sewn a handle on his jacket. His filter cigarette's taste is recessed so far, it needs lift tickets to bring it out. **5.** Right. He likes to put on skiis —not his fellow skiers. Wants his cigarette without fancy fads and gimmicks, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. Just good taste and great tobacco. **6.** He's Gay Abandon, ski model. He's either wearing a huge fur hat—or his head is unravelling. Thinks a giant slalom is something you buy in an Italian deli. **7.** A pigeon, on his way to a formal dance.

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NAMATH
12

Peppy's Finest Hour

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Absolutely marvelous. They named this big football game, this huge fraud of a football game, "The Super Bowl" because one night Lamar Hunt came home with a present for his young daughter. It was a Silly Putty ball, which she immediately called her "super ball." In 1966, at a meeting of some of the owners of the professional football teams, they were sitting and tiring their brains trying to come up with a name for their new big championship game and they were into terribly creative titles, "The Big One" and "The Final Game," and then the whole inside of Lamar Hunt's head exploded. The thing his daughter said. Super Ball . . . super ball . . . SUPER BOWL!

In the first Super Bowl football game, in 1967, the Green Bay Packers played the Kansas City Chiefs in Los Angeles. The game was dreadful. But once the game was over, the pro football people sat around again and went to work on a title for the next year's game. Should they leave it alone? Or should they go change it? Give the Super Bowl a super title? They sat there, brains whirring, catchwords flying out of their mouths. As the talks went on, the inevitable arrived. If you have to associate football with another word, you immediately say "Catholic." I could give you a long explanation of this; it all has to do with lock-step conformity, belief in mysteries and continual use of violent words to describe sex. Anyway, accept it that football goes with Catholic. And as these owners of football teams sat around with their commissioner, Peter Rozelle, the catchword titles ran out and the style they were groping for began to take shape. They would call the game Super Bowl II. Following which there would be Super Bowl III and Super Bowl IV and so on up the line. Pope Pius XII, Super Bowl V, Pope Pius XIII, Super Bowl VI, Pope John XXIII. Beautiful. Not a game anymore, but a confirmation with cleats.

Of the first eight Super Bowl games, only one provided fun and drama—for Joe the Jet and for Peppy the Gambler.

They did the same thing to poor Vincent Lombardi when the team he coached, the Green Bay Packers, won the first two Super Bowl games. His Holiness. The Pontiff. The television announcers, teams of them, three, four and five guys at a game, and all the Madison Avenue CBS building hangers-on, and the sports writers, they took a tough, intelligent, decent man from Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn, from barber shops and horse rooms, put a white skullcap on his head, beatified him and took all the fun out of what he was doing.

Lombardi is gone, but we are left with the game. This year it is Super Bowl IX. That means nine. I doubt I'll even look at the thing. All of the games, except one, have been terrible to watch. Instead of excitement, you have pomp. Instead of fun, you have phony,

SUPER BOWL 9 Finest Hour

CONTINUED

mechanical drama. You have these straight-faced serious-voiced announcers—sure there is a shortage of young undertakers; they all are on television announcing sports—intoning the magnitude of what you are about to watch. You are really about to watch a football game, a sport originally designed to let Indians break a few bones without being bothered by federal troops. But what they show you on television is a group of undertakers sitting in a control room, with computer lights blinking and pictures on multiple screens and so much more that I do not know what they are trying to tell me.

There was one day when I was staring at the start of one of these games and there were those announcers with their banks of blinking lights, Football Central or something, and I said to an old friend, John Glenn, the astronaut, "What is all this stuff they have there?"

Glenn shook his head and said, "I don't know. It looks complicated."

As far as I am concerned, they have only had one professional championship football game worth calling a Super Bowl and that was the one in 1969. After that game, they should not have had another. In the 1969 game, there happened to be some fun, some excitement, some human traits and a surprise.

The 1969 Super Bowl game is one I know of intimately. For me, it all began on a cold, empty Sunday at the end of the 1968 regular season. I got in a taxi on Queens Boulevard, my personal turf, and rolled down the hill to Shea Stadium where the Jets were in their next-to-last game of the season, playing the Cincinnati Bengals. I did not go to see the game; the Jets already were assured of a spot in the playoffs and the day was nasty, a stiff wind blowing so many newspapers across the field that it looked like a sandlot. I was blown out of the stands and into the bar in the second quarter. At the end of the game, I went downstairs to the Cincinnati dressing room to listen to Paul Brown, the coach. To my ear, the man always has had a precise, sound opinion on football. An opinion not lightly given. On this day, Brown was asked about the Jets' chances in the playoffs. Brown said they were excellent. He thought they could win the American League championship. Then he said the Jets probably should be favored to win the Super Bowl game. I don't know of four people in the world outside of those in the dressing room on that day who would have believed that any intelligent man would predict such a thing. But Paul Brown expanded on his thought. He said that the Jets' quarterback, Joseph Namath, was, at this time, in December of 1968, by far the best quarterback in football and perhaps the best quarterback Brown had observed in his lifetime. Including Otto Graham? "Including him," Brown said. Brown then said that the Jets' two receivers, Maynard and Sauer, were excellent. Particularly Sauer. Brown assured us that Sauer was virtually impossible to cover successfully over an entire game.

All of which would be in the newspapers the next day. But it is never the same as when you hear it for yourself. With this information in ear, I rushed back to my personal turf, Queens Boulevard, and went into Pep McGuire's saloon. There I came upon my friend Norton Peppis—the Pep of Pep McGuire's. I told him what Brown had said. I also thought that we should do something with an opinion of such magnitude. I thought of calling Vegas, somebody like this Jimmy the Greek, and betting a lot of money at enormous odds on the Jets winning the Super Bowl.

Pep sneered. "First of all, I want to tell you, Jimmy the Greek is a little boy who can't bet fifty dollars. He's a put-on. Gets his name all over the newspapers and he can't bet a fifty-dollar note. He's a busted valise. As for Paul Brown, stick him in your pocket. I mean, this man is telling me that a cuckoo kid like Namath, he plays in a Little League, is going to be the difference against some team like Baltimore? Come on. Here's a kid walks around with a gimp and goes against a thousand broads in saloons. Who knows more about saloons, me or Paul Brown? Hey. I've seen giants, physical giants, get their lives cut in half by two fillies drinking martinis at a bar."

Which ended that. I had a drink and left.

I guess it was two weeks later, on another Sunday morning, when Pep called me at home and told me to come over to the bar right away. The place was dark. The porter, Eddie Lowery, let me in. The smell of morning coffee mixed with the sour smell of a saloon on the day after. Pep was at the end of the bar, swearing at the telephone because the number he was calling was busy. Sitting next to him, smoking a cigarette over coffee, was a tall, thin guy.

"Here, here's Georgie," Pep said.

"Uh huh," Georgie said.

"Tell him, tell him," Pep said.

"I work as the doorman at the Hotel Summit."

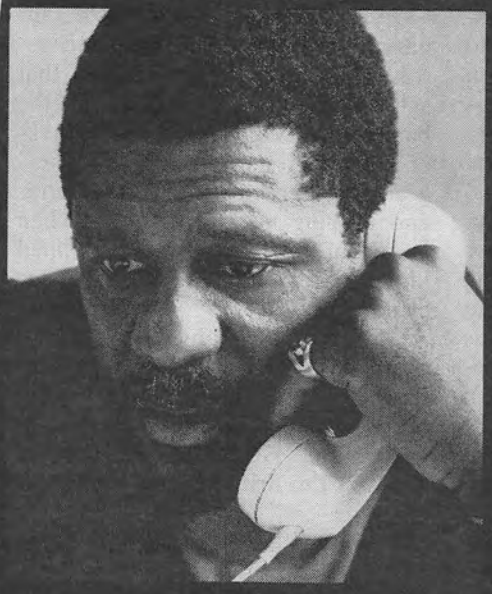
"Tell him," Pep said.

"I seen Namath comin' out of the hotel about four-thirty this morning with a broad. They got in a taxi."

"That's *emis*," Pep said. "Truth."

He worked the phone furiously. Finally he got his number. "Hello, hello. This is Mr. Jamaica for Popcorn. What do you have the Jets game at? Three. All right, I want eleven dimes on Oakland. Hey, what the hell are you, a candy store? Come on, be a man. Take a

"Maybe his voice will give us a clue. Let's talk to him by Long Distance."



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SUPER BOWL

Finest Hour

CONTINUED

bet, you mother. You're a bookmaker, aren't you? What do you think you're doing, selling Mounds bars? Come on, take the bet."

Pep hung up. "He took half." Pep looked up at the ceiling, remembered another bookmaker's number and started dialing. By 12:30, he had, as far as I could tell, $20,000 bet on Oakland.

A couple of hours later, just down the hill from Queens Boulevard, in the cold and the darkness at Shea Stadium, the score was 23-20 in favor of Oakland, with the game running out. The Jets had the ball on their 30-yard line. Namath went back and the right arm whipped. He hit Sauer for 12 yards. First down on the 42. Namath went back again, back and to the left, far to the left side. Then he threw the ball. He threw a pass from his own 30 into a heavy wind. On the far side of the field, Don Maynard was running, running, running. At the Oakland 13, Maynard looked over his left shoulder and here was the ball coming the other way. Maynard twisted and looked over the right shoulder, his hands coming up and the ball slapping into them. Namath had thrown a pass of about 60 yards. An Oakland back knocked Maynard down on the six. On the next play, Namath went back, looked, was pressed, had nowhere to go, took one last look and saw Maynard in the back of the end zone with three Raiders around him. Namath threw a ball that traveled like a baseball pitch. It steamed between two Oakland backs, hit Maynard on the chest and knocked him flat on his back. He held the ball. The Jets won the game.

At Pep McGuire's, in the early part of the evening, with the shock just beginning to wear off, Pep was drinking straight shots at his bar.

"I lose on Little League football," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Kid stuff. Small boys. How can you call that football? This kid is out all night and he still wins. He has to be playing with children. Believe me, Baltimore kills them. Ruins them. Kills them."

"Pep, I told you what that Paul Brown said."

"Stick Paul Brown in your pocket. I know guys hanging out in saloons. Believe me. Take the rubber band off your roll. Baltimore murders them. What kind of points do we have to give? They're going to make a tough line. I make it 17 now. Maybe it'll come out more."

By Friday night, the 10th of January, 1969, Pep had sold and resold himself on the proposition that saloons kill. Here he was at the bar, with a bright plaid sports jacket on, drinking straight whiskey, grabbing the bar with both hands and rocking back and forth. When an airlines girl came in, Pep ripped his eyeglasses off and put his face close to hers.

"Look at the baby blues, dear," he said. "See those eyes? They're smart eyes. I'm smart. Did you ever see a man on the verge of being a millionaire? Hey! Give me another shooter. I'm drinking smart whiskey this time."

Johnny McGuire—the McGuire of Pep McGuire's—sat at a table. He stared at the floor.

"John, watch your time," Pep yelled to him.

"I know," John McGuire said.

"Where are you going?" I said.

"I got to catch a plane."

This accounted for his gloom. John McGuire says he flew hundreds of combat missions in World War II, but his friends have noticed that if he ever has to go on a plane, even for a short flight, he is depressed and nervous for two or three days beforehand. This is not because an airplane ride brings back nasty memories to John McGuire. This is because John McGuire is afraid of flying.

"Where do you have to go?" I asked him.

"Fort Lauderdale. This cuckoo here, he has me staying in Lauderdale at the same hotel the Jets are at. The Galt Ocean Mile. I'm supposed to watch the Jets and see what they look like. Then I go over and take a last minute look at the Colts. They're in Lauderdale, too. The Statler Hilton or something. I got it all written down."

Pep began to shout at me. "Boy! That's all you are, a small boy! You think we sit here like nickel thinkers? I'm betting dimes on this game. Dimes. Do you hear me, boy! Dimes! Ten dimes here, ten dimes there. I want to know what's going on. The late flash."

McGuire left to catch the night flight to Fort Lauderdale. He checked into the Galt Ocean Mile. He called it "Galts." This happens to be a hotel with which many people I know are very familiar. For several winters, the late Jack O'Neill, our great friend, would go down to Fort Lauderdale to watch the Yankee baseball team train. Every morning, Jack would hit the linen closet in the hallway and take stacks of sheets and pillowcases. He'd bring them to his room, wrap them up and then go out and mail the package to friends. Over a period of years, a tremendous amount of Galt Ocean Mile hotel sheets and pillowcases reached Queens Boulevard. The sheets and pillowcases are green. Ask my kids, they've been sleeping on them for five years.

So now John McGuire patrolled the lobby of the Galt Ocean Mile, carefully inspecting each New York Jets' player he saw. Now John McGuire knows athletes and their reactions quite well. The problem is, John McGuire is black Irish. He is a brooder. You will say to him, "How's it going, John?" and he will say to you, "Terrible, my life is

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SUPER BOWL 9

Finest Hour

CONTINUED

over." John truly can be comfortable only in a calamity. And thus, in Fort Lauderdale, at the "Galts," when John McGuire saw Joe Namath, who was walking casually through the lobby on Saturday afternoon, he saw the John McGuire version of Joe Namath. Namath was not walking. He was limping, limping badly. By nightfall, after several drinks, John McGuire saw a cane in Joe Namath's hand. On Sunday morning, the day of the game, John McGuire caught a glimpse of the Jets going to breakfast. He saw in the faces the qualities he most associates with: Apprehension, impending doom.

He then raced over to the Statler Hilton, where the Baltimore Colts were quartered. John McGuire was able to get a peek at John Mackey, the great Colts' end, eating a steak. In John McGuire's eyes, the steak became cold, raw meat. Out in the lobby, John saw Bubba Smith, a black tower. "He will destroy Namath," John said to himself. He ran to telephone his last-minute, professional evaluation to Pep.

"The Jets look like they're dying. I feel sorry for them. Geez, you look at them, their lives are gone. And then you come over here and see these monsters. What is it now, 18 points? I'd make Baltimore 25."

Pep was on the telephone until almost game time. He sat at his bar, eyes going up in his head while he tried to remember the number of another bookmaker. By game time, he had $60,000 on Baltimore, giving 18 points. Then Pep went home and sat on his couch.

"Go ahead, pass," he snarled as the Jets started the game. "Pass, I want to see you pass. Let me see where the broads left you bent."

Namath gave the ball to Matt Snell, who burrowed into the right side of the Baltimore line for a couple of yards. On the next play, Namath gave it to Snell again. Snell went banging into the right side, coming through, knees whipping. He went nine yards and ran into Rick Volk, the Baltimore safetyman. Snell got up and Volk did not. They carried Volk off.

Pep did not speak. He stared at the set. The Colts got the ball. They blew a field goal. "Mother!" Pep screamed. A while later, Sauer caught a pass, fumbled, and Baltimore had the ball on the 12. Earl Morrall, the quarterback, threw into the end zone. A hand hit the pass, and a Jet intercepted. The announcer said a Baltimore receiver had been wide open. Pep's body sprung off the couch. He spit at the

television set. His throat went dry when Namath, who was not limping, threw a pass to Sauer for a first down on the Baltimore 34. Namath threw again, out to the side. From a corner of the screen, black hands came flying out. It was Lenny Lyles of the Colts. He came flying in front of the Jets' receiver. Sauer, grabbing for the ball. There was nobody near Lyles. If he stole the pass, he was good for a touchdown. Pep started off the couch with a scream. In midscream, the ball went through Lyles' hands and into Sauer's. The Colts pushed Sauer out on the 23. Another Jets' first down. Later, the Colts agreed that Lyles had misjudged the ball because nobody ever had seen a pass thrown with that velocity. Some plays later, with the Jets inside the five and the Colts skittery, still expecting this bush league team to pass on every down, Namath gave the ball to Snell, who got a shoulder through the wall on the right side. His legs took care of the rest. Snell came spilling into the end zone.

On the field in Miami, a legend was gathering and developing. Joe Willie Namath.

And on the couch in Norton Peppis' apartment, another legend was starting. For as the game went on, and the Colts went nowhere, always Namath made the Colts fear him personally, while he ran a team game at them. As this great sight went on, Norton Peppis began to slip into himself. He stopped talking. In the final quarter, with the score 16-7 and the game ending, Peppis seemed distant.

"I'll see you," I said.

He did not answer. He was deep in a coma.

I went around to his saloon at 11 that night. It was crowded and the band was playing and at the end of the bar, hands gripping the bar, body rocking, eyes rolling, voice growling, here was Pep.

"Hello, sweets, let's have a little drink," he said. "I'm celebrating."

"Your suicide?"

"No. I'm the first man in the history of Queens Boulevard to lose a hundred thousand on one football player. A hundred dimes. Forty on Oakland and sixty today. How do you like it? Give us a drink. I'm big. I'm not like you. I'm not a boy! I'm big."

He stayed at the bar all night, waiting for Johnny McGuire to fly back from Miami. He stayed there celebrating, Pep did, celebrating his status as a six-figure gambler. At midnight, a kid brought in the morning *Daily News*. The paper said it had been a great game, with Namath shocking established football thinking. "He is something," Pep said. "Joe Willie. The greatest! Who else could beat Peppy for a hundred dimes?"

One year later, in Super Bowl IV, the Kansas City Chiefs defeated the Minnesota Vikings in as boring a game as you'll ever see. After the game, Richard Nixon called Leonard Dawson of the Chiefs in the dressing room and everybody was making these gooey "Yes, Mr. Presidents," and that ended the Super Bowl for good for me. I am left, however, with one dream for this game: An executive on another network schedules, for Super Bowl Sunday, a movie like "Bridge Over the River Kwai." Or, "The French Connection." The movie starts at the same time as the Super Bowl. And then the nation would see that despite what newspapers and television sports people say, more than 60 per cent of America does not care about the Super Bowl or any other game. And let the Super Bowl become its usual deadly self, like last year's Minnesota-Miami thing, and right away, all dials will turn to the movie.

I'm all for it. Because on my own turf, on Queens Boulevard, we're never going to have any more Super Bowl drama. My friend Pep died a couple of months ago. They buried him in Mount Hebron, right down the hill from Queens Boulevard. Almost alongside Shea Stadium to be exact. When Joe Namath goes there to play football, he drives right past Pep's grave. ■

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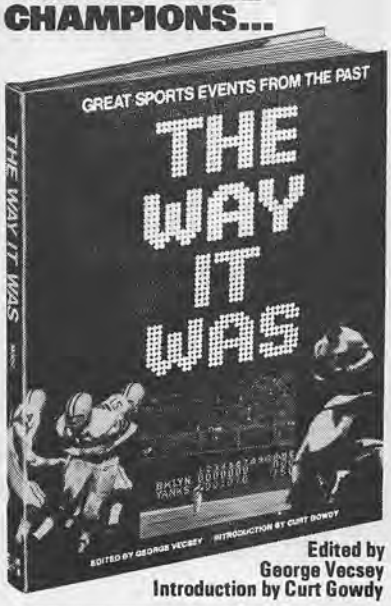

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The Umpires: Incompetence In Blue

BY MAURY WILLS

Give or take a few, one-third of all the umpires in the National League are incompetent. That's the only word for them—incompetent. Not dishonest or faulty of vision or prejudiced—just plain incompetent, lacking in talent, ability, savvy. It is a statement based not on rumor or hearsay, but strictly on my own observations as a professional baseball player for 22 years, including 14 seasons in the National League, and as an NBC baseball commentator today.

Incompetence starts with the selection system, which seems to be based mostly on cronyism and politics. Most umpires feel they're underpaid, and, even though the hours are great, maybe they are. The trouble is, you get what you pay for.

Too many umpires are always out of position to judge a play. Too many make erratic calls. Too many let games slip out of control. And too many can't give you a legitimate reason for a call. They have a parent complex: "Why is he out, ump?" "Because I said so. Play ball." I call that incompetence.

Incompetence shows up most often behind the plate, the toughest and most demanding spot to work. If you get a camera closeup, you can see many an umpire flinch when the ball hits the catcher's glove. Ever so slightly, the umpire will turn his head as he flinches and his line of vision is altered and he blows the call.

They talk about the integrity of umpires and I won't argue with that, even though integrity has nothing to do with competence. Only once have I ever questioned an umpire's integrity and this goes back to 1971 and the umpire was Stan Landes.

Let me tell you about Stan Landes. He'd always been known as a guy who was carrying a chip on his shoulder, and on this day that chip must have weighed a ton. As the last notes of the National Anthem were wafting through Dodger Stadium, he started glancing over at the dugout; that's a sure indication of an umpire who's scouting for trouble. He's telling you by that look that he'd like to throw somebody out of the game.

We're playing the Giants and we're all tensed up. It's a typical Dodgers-Giants war, a steamy summer's night, a huge crowd and a lot of yelling. Now the one thing an umpire dislikes is for a batter to turn around in the box to question a call. And if you're a popular player in your home park and you turn around on the umpire, he knows that little move might also turn the fans on him. It's the simple act of turning around that sets off the fuse. Stay in position, face straight ahead and you're entitled to a few words. But don't turn around. This goes for catchers, too. It's one of the unwritten rules of baseball.

So I'm at the plate and the first pitch comes in low. Big-league umpires will generally call out the strikes, whereas silence means a ball. "Strike," says Landes, clicking his indicator.

"Lousy call," I snap, looking straight ahead.

Landes pulls his mask from his face. "None o' your lip, Wills," he says.

With those words, he was taking away my basic right as a ballplayer to dispute a call. Now my teeth are clenched. I grip the bat tighter. The crowd is hollering.

The next two pitches are even lower than the first one. They're obviously out of the strike zone—low and away—but Landes gives the strike call on both of them. And he does it, I know, just to take it out on me for questioning his first call. It is the only time in my entire career I have known an umpire to do

When Maury Wills was at his stealing best, he says he conditioned the umpires to call him safe—and he usually was.

that kind of thing to me.

I didn't say a word and I didn't look back at him. With just one quick turn-around look, I'd have been out of there and I knew the club needed me in the game. Playing the Giants, there's nothing worse than being thrown out in the first inning.

I slammed my bat in the rack. The dugout crackled with anger. Everybody on our club knew what had happened, that he had purposely called me out. I was hitting right-handed and the catcher had to lean way over to the side, away from me. So it was obvious to every ballplayer on both teams, the managers, the coaches, and I imagine a lot of the fans—and all the umpires, too, his own peers. Everybody knew. And I'm sure he knew that they knew.

There's a sequel to this story. One night, about a week later, I was having dinner with Walter Matthau, the actor, who's a big sports fan. I was still angry about what had happened against the Giants and I passed the details along to Walter.

When I finished, he threw back his head and laughed.

"What's so funny?" I said.

"Landes," said Matthau. "That's what's funny. I knew him as a kid back in New York. He was a fat little chubby kid, Stan Landes. We used to play ball in the old neighborhood on Fifth Street. We all called him Fatso and we ran him off the team and made him sit on the sidelines because he was too fat to play. I bet that's how he became an umpire, because we wouldn't let him play ball with us. Old Fatso Landes!"

I said, "Thanks, Walter."

Now we're in San Francisco later in the year, in Candlestick Park, and it's the Dodgers and Giants again and the usual smoldering excitement and Stan Landes is umpiring at first. It's late in the game and there's a squeaker of a play at first on one of the Giants. It may have been Bobby Bonds. I had made a good throw on a hard grounder, but Landes gave it the safe signal. I trotted over to talk to our first baseman, Wes Parker.

"Wes," I said, "he was out, wasn't he?"

"Sure," said Wes. "Close, but out."

"Why didn't you tell the umpire?"

Wes just shrugged his shoulders. He never was much for complaining over decisions.

I turned toward Landes and he lifted his hand like a traffic cop. His eyes got very narrow, like two tiny slits of ice.

"One more step, Wills, and you're out of here," he said.

Well, I took that step and one word led to another and out I went. And that's when I laid Matthau's story on him. "You were a fat little kid in New York," I said, taunting him, the words popping out like firecrackers. "You couldn't make the team then and you're fat now!"

He turned purple—fat and purple.

After that, whenever the players wanted to harass Stan Landes, they'd yell, "When does the balloon go up?" They'd holler, "Hey, look at the whale!"

Then he'd turn purple again and if he couldn't find out who said the words, he'd throw out the guy on the team that he didn't like and that could have been any one of 25 players. Walter Matthau, I thank you.

Now I'll offer an example on the other side. Tom Gorman, a first-rate umpire and one of the best speakers I know of on the after-dinner circuit, asked me one day for

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Incompetence

CONTINUED

an autographed baseball glove. He wanted a present for his grandson. I got him a brand new thirty-dollar Spalding glove. I autographed it and gave it to Gorman. That night—I believe it was in the first inning—I went into second base on a steal. I thought I had slid under the throw, but I looked up and there's Tom Gorman standing over me with his thumb pointed upward.

"Out?" I said, astonished at the call. "How can you call me out? I was safe, Tom."

"No, no, Maurice, you were out."

We stood there, going at it toe to toe and finally—I knew I shouldn't have said it, but I said it, anyhow—I said: "Tom, I just gave you a brand new thirty-dollar Spalding glove for your grandson."

Gorman nodded. "I'm sorry, Maurice, you were out," he said.

He wasn't about to let the fact that I had given him a new glove influence his decision and I appreciate that. And the truth is, if an umpire as good as Tom Gorman calls me out, I guess I might have been out.

I've always maintained that you can condition an umpire to react in your favor. But you can't do it with the present of a glove. One way to condition an umpire is by hustling. Let's say you hit a soft grounder to the infield and you leg it down to first base, giving those 90 feet everything you've got. You hustle and you're still thrown out by five feet. Next time you hit another grounder and you're thrown out by three feet. Now, the next time at bat there's a really close play—bang, bang—and the umpire says you're safe. Why? Because he saw you bust your butt those first two times and he's already thinking in your favor. He's conditioned and you get the nod.

I know this is true because it happened to me when I was stealing all those bases. You can look it up. On just about every close play, I was called safe. I really was safe, but many of the plays were so close there's no way an umpire could be good enough to say he saw the play with that degree of accuracy. I've had infielders make a tag at me and miss me by a fraction of an inch and the umpire was in a position where there's no way possible for him to see it. But he'd call me safe because I'd stolen so many bases. This is a way of saying that you are preceded by your reputation.

On the other hand, later on in my career—in the twilight, as they say—it didn't have to be a fraction of an inch. The second baseman might miss me by as much as two inches.

"You're out!" says the ump.

"Out?" I tell him. "Why am I out? You used to call me safe on the same play."

"Well, Maury," says the ump, "you aren't stealing the way you used to."

That's a true story. It happened just like that several times with different umpires saying approximately those same words.

Now we go back to 1962, the year I stole 104 bases to beat Ty Cobb's record. We're in Wrigley Field in Chicago. Dick Bertell is catching for the Cubs. Bertell was one of the tougher catchers in the league for me, even though 95 per cent of the time it's not the catcher but the pitcher that you steal on. This is something I can talk about now that I'm Maury Wills, ex-Dodger and retired shortstop. While I was playing, I made it a part of my code never to knock or praise a catcher or a pitcher. Now, for instance, I can say that Warren Spahn, with his cunning left-handed moves, could give me trouble. But the minute you knock or praise a player, he's going to rise to the occasion. If you say he's good, you've upped his confidence. Tell the world he's easy to steal on and he says to himself, "Who the hell does Wills think he is?" His pride is bruised and you may pay the price.

Anyway, there's Bertell behind the plate. Andre Rodgers is at shortstop. I'm poised at first, ready to steal. I take a good lead and I'm off flying. I'm about 15 feet from the bag, set to go into my slide, and the ball is still 20 feet away. Rodgers is waiting and I'm starting my slide and Jocko Conlan, a fine little umpire, comes tearing in and he's yelling, "Safe!"

I'm not even there yet and I know the ball isn't there. So Rodgers takes the throw and follows through with the play even though he's already heard Jocko's call.

"Jocko," says Rodgers, "how in hell could you call him safe before he even got here?"

Jocko was always a banty rooster type of umpire. "Rodgers," he says, "you haven't got Wills out all year. What makes you think you're going to get him out now?"

Then he turns to me. "You're safe, Wills." Then to Rodgers: "Now get outa here and let's play ball."

That's what I mean by conditioning an umpire. Some players try to condition umpires with a smile and sociable words. They'll say, "How are you feeling today? How's the family? Know any good restaurants in town?" You may have a nice conversation, but you won't score any points in conditioning. The only way you condition an umpire is by your actions on the field. An umpire isn't there to judge your character—it doesn't matter if you're a gentleman or a rowdy. A player like Pete Rose, going at full throttle all the time, can have a lot going for him as far as umpire-conditioning is concerned.

There's a story about umpires they tell at baseball banquets and I've heard it so often that it's beginning to sound true. It's about the umpire at third base who's watching the runner come barrel-

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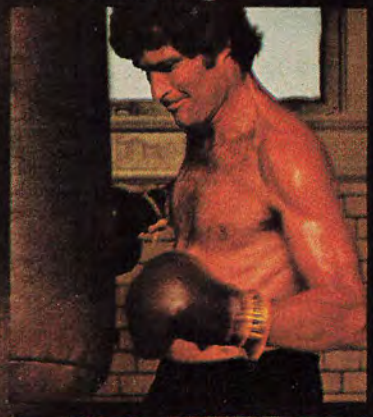

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Incompetence

CONTINUED

ing in with a triple. It's a close play and the umpire makes the out signal, throwing his thumb in the air—but what comes out of his mouth is "Safe!" The runner hears the safe call, and he stays on the bag.

"What are you standing there for?" says the umpire. "You're out."

"But, ump, I heard you call me safe."

"Listen," the umpire says, "only you and me and the third baseman here heard that, but 40,000 people saw me give the out sign. So, you're out." And he was, too. Or so the story goes.

I've seen similar incidents. It's embarrassing for an umpire, and usually it's his own fault. Umpires, most of them, make their calls too quickly. It may be tradition or some kind of false pride. Or it might be what ballplayers call over-hustling. A player belts a single and in the joy of getting a hit, he gets carried away with himself and he's going to make a double out of a single and he's thrown out at second by ten feet. That's over-hustling.

Umpires seem to be bound by some kind of unwritten rule of haste. I've never seen anything wrong with an umpire taking a good look at a play and permitting himself, say, two seconds for a call. Two seconds can be a long time. But umpires want to blurt it out right now and sometimes this causes them to make calls they really don't mean.

I've seen it happen. A guy hits a two-hopper to the shortstop, the ball is whipped to first and you figure, with a good throw, the runner should be out by at least a half-step. The umpire's assuming these are major-league players performing a major-league play and in his mind there's a prejudgment forming. And then the throw hits the dirt or, possibly, the first baseman momentarily juggles the ball. But the runner gets the out call because the umpire has been conditioned. He's been caught off-guard and now he's got to adjust to the situation, and I think some of them simply can't adjust that quickly.

If I were to judge the umpires, I would give top marks to Shag Crawford, Tom Gorman, Ed Sudol (who has individual moves I wish the other umpires would imitate), Chris Pelekoudas and Doug Harvey as the best in my time. In fact, if I ever turn to umpiring, which is unlikely, I would pattern myself after Doug Harvey. I can remember starting arguments with Doug and he would say, "Oh, come on, Maury, you know we're better friends than this." And he'd walk away, leaving me speechless—but still in the game.

Doug has a way about him that puts the cover on the boiler. He knows how to prevent disputes. He will always take the time to explain his decisions. He gives sensible answers. He has patience. And, most of all, he has the respect of all the players in the league.

Shag Crawford is the Kissinger of the umpires, a tremendously skilled diplomat on the field. It was Shag who was behind the plate during the famous bat-swinging incident involving John Roseboro and Juan Marichal, and only Shag could have kept the tempers from exploding into World War III.

I remember one game—this was in '71 and we're playing the Phillies in old Connie Mack Stadium. I'm at first with a single. Our pitcher—it may have been Claude Osteen—was on second. The next batter hits one sharply out to short left field. I'm figuring what the Phils might be figuring, that with a slow runner at second—pitchers are usually slow runners—they'll go for the play at home. So I burrow in and head around second full-speed for third. As I'm running, I glance quickly at the throw coming in from short left and I don't like what I see. The ball is winging in so low it's got to hit me in the head.

At that moment, I ducked so the speeding ball would miss me. Instead, the ball dipped as I ducked and it smacked me on the leg. Shag Crawford calls me out for intentional interference.

"What?" I holler. "Intentional interference? You mean to tell me I could let that ball hit me without breaking my stride?" My point was that I wasn't trying to get hit and prevent the throw from nipping off the run at home.

Shag was as calm as a cathedral. "Now, Maury," he said, quietly, "you do have the ability to do these things."

I just stared at him. I was in no mood for compliments. Shag stayed calm, but I started yelling and jumping around and soon I was out of the ballgame. Three Dodgers had to hold me back. I was a hopping little bundle of fury.

Later, in the clubhouse, after I had simmered down, I said to myself, "Hey, that's real nice of Shag, to think I'm that smart a ballplayer." Then I started to feel badly about my behavior and I found a pencil and paper and I wrote a note and sent it over to the umpires' room. What I wrote was, "Shag, I feel terrible that this thing happened. I was wrong in the way I comported myself. I'd like to apologize." I signed it, "Respectfully, Maury." And Shag sent back a note saying that it was an unfortunate situation and that we were still friends.

This was the first time, to my knowledge, that a ballplayer and an umpire ever exchanged notes. Maybe, now that I think of it, it's a better way than exchanging words. By the time you write a note, tempers have cooled and you're less likely to put down the words that can get you kicked out of ballgames. Give pencils and paper to the players and the umpires? Sure, why not?

That is, assuming that all the umpires know how to read and write. ■

MAURY WILLS IS OFF BASE... AGAIN

BY STAN LANDES

During my 18 years as an umpire in the National League, I knew every rule in the book. But the rule I considered most important was not in the book. *All ballplayers are equal.* To me, when a player stepped into the batter's box he was not a personality, he was a uniform. Regardless of what his statistics were. Regardless of how well I knew him off the field.

The late Gil Hodges and I were in the Marines together. He was the one player I knew well before I got into the major leagues. In one game in 1958, the first year the Dodgers played in the Los Angeles Coliseum, Hodges hit a single. The next batter up hit a long fly ball to right-center field that would have been a home run in most parks. The Chicago Cubs' centerfielder ran to the hurricane fence and caught the ball; Hodges tagged up and took off for second base. He went into his slide and jammed his ankle. He was way ahead of the throw, but he never touched the bag. He was lying on the ground in agony, yelling, "Stan, call time out. Please call time out."

"I can't call time out," I said. "You're not on the bag."

The throw came in. Ernie Banks, the Cubs' shortstop, tagged Hodges out. And then I called time.

Maury Wills could never accept the fact that all ballplayers were equal. He always thought he was something special and he wanted the umpires to treat him as such. A lot of umpires let him run all over them. But nobody ever ran over me. I guess I didn't know Wills was such a great player because they never wrote about him in the comic pages. And when I was an umpire, that was the only part of any newspaper that I read. I didn't want to know anybody's batting average, anybody's statistics.

I take it as a compliment that Maury Wills criticizes me. It just proves he couldn't *condition* me as he claims he conditioned other umpires. He didn't like me because I refused to give him special treatment. Oh, I did slip once. I was the second-base umpire the day that Maury stole his 97th base to break Ty Cobb's record. I stopped the game and presented him with the base. But I only knew about the record because one of the Dodgers' officials came into the dressing room before the game and told me about it.

Wills has a way of twisting stories around to illustrate the case he is trying to make. Like the time the Dodgers were playing the Giants and he came over to first base to argue with me after I called Bobby Bonds safe on a close play. As soon as the play occurred, Walter Alston came out of the Dodgers' dugout to discuss it with me. I explained my call and he turned and went back. Then Wills came charging at me. His manager was satisfied, but he wasn't. Wills was always doing things like that to show up Alston. He claimed he knew all the rules. Wills only knew some of the rules. And those were the ones I took the time to explain to him when he questioned me.

He claims I called two balls as strikes on him once when he questioned my judgment. There were times when I would have liked to have called balls strikes. But that's not umpiring. If I had done those kinds of things, I wouldn't have lasted in the major leagues for 18 years. You could never call a strike on Wills if he didn't swing. And you could never call him out on the bases. He was a player who did no wrong.

He did call me "blubbergut," as Walter Matthau told him to. (But

what Wills apparently doesn't know is that Matthau is one of my closest friends. He wrote the introduction to a book I am doing.) Once, I had enough abuse from that mouse, so I said to him, "Wills, I dress right over there. You don't have a blubbergut in your body. If you do, why don't you take me on? And the loser gets out of baseball." He never did.

If Wills argued with one umpire and was not satisfied, he would approach another one. He liked playing one against the other. Pee Wee Reese used to do the same thing. (Isn't it amazing how all the players who were talkers end up in the broadcasting booth?) There were some umpires who wanted to be nice guys and would admit to a player that a colleague made a bad call. Not me. I would discuss calls with the other umpires in the dressing room after the game, but I would never let the players know about it. Sometimes backing up your colleagues is a hard thing to do. But it must be done. To control a game, the four umpires have to work as a team.

Wills says he likes the hours that umpires have. That's easy for him to say. He played most of his career with the Dodgers, the only team in baseball that has its own plane. Umpires have to make all their own hotel and plane reservations. And it seemed that whenever I had an early flight, the game went into extra innings and I would miss it. And whenever I had a late flight, I would sit at the airport for hours only to find out that the plane was delayed and I had to sit there longer.

The one thing that we didn't have to put up with that the players did was bed checks. But Wills didn't worry too much about them, either. One night, after the players' curfew, I was sitting in the lobby of the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia with the house detective. Maury came in and made a call on the house phone and a few minutes later, a pretty stewardess-type girl came down in the elevator. I think he called her Teresa.

The next day, there was a play that Wills didn't like and he came charging at me. Before he could say anything, I said, "Why don't you ask Teresa about it?"

He looked stunned. "I was sitting in the Sheraton lobby last night," I said. "Why don't you get some sleep? Then you wouldn't argue so much."

But as much trouble as I may have had with Wills, I still respected him as a ballplayer. He fought as a player just like he fought with the umpires and I guess that's what made him good. And I was as tough with everyone as I was with him and that's what made me a good umpire.

Umpires get banged up a lot behind the plate, as Maury knows, and a lot of guys jaked out of assignments. They would come up with hangovers (which they always called bellyaches) on the days they had their turn behind home plate. But I never missed a plate assignment. I took a lot of them that weren't coming to me. I relished the opportunity to be where you had the most control of the game. I wish some of the pitchers had had as much control as I had. There's nothing worse than calling balls and strikes for a wild pitcher. His pitches come in miles from the plate, and then when he throws one close, he thinks it's a strike. He thinks close counts, but baseball ain't horseshoes.

In all my years, I never went out socially with any players, although many of my colleagues did. I did occasionally ask a player for a bat or a ball. A Gil Hodges. A Willie Mays. A Hank Aaron. But never guys like Wills who expected favors in return.

I honestly believe that at the end of the 1972 season, I was the best umpire in the league. But during that off-season, I got a telegram from the National League office

Maury Wills, says Stan Landes, was the sort of player who felt he could do no wrong, who argued almost every call.

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Hmmmmm

MAURY WILLS

CONTINUED

saying that, because of problems in my personal life, my contract would not be renewed. Just two short paragraphs. I was stunned. I immediately put in a call to Chub Feeney, the league president, but he refused to talk to me. Can you imagine that? The President of the United States has to answer to the people, but the president of the National League doesn't have to answer to anybody.

I didn't deny that I had problems. I was divorced twice, which is perfectly legal in this country, and I declared personal bankruptcy. But I explained my problems to the league from the beginning. I wanted them to know everything.

But none of this affected my umpiring. If anything, my problems made me rely more on the game and made me a better umpire.

I have to believe that my firing was more due to my role in politicking for umpires. I was the first president of the umpires association when we formed it and I was the loudest of the voices when we went on strike in 1970. At that time, I was on the verge of bankruptcy and I needed the money, but I refused to compromise my principles and went out on strike.

My career's over now, though, and I don't regret anything that I ever did. They say that the best umpires are those that go unnoticed. Well, after the 1972 All-Star game they gave out engraved bats to all the participating players and umpires. Mine was engraved "Al Landes." I wasn't insulted. I just knew I had done my job. ■

After 18 years in the National League, Stan Landes lost his job in 1972. He says he regrets nothing he ever did.

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MEMO

FROM: Wilt Chamberlain TO: Walton, Burleson & Malone

Of the three new big men in professional basketball—Bill Walton, Tom Burleson and Moses Malone—I guess the one I can best identify with is Malone. If pro basketball had been as big a game financially 20 years ago as it is now, I might have gone through the same thing he's going through now. I might've gone from high school straight to the pros.

I would've had some advantages Moses doesn't have. For one thing, I was physically ready; I had built myself up in track and field, running and putting the shot. For another, when I was in high school, I worked up in the Catskills and practiced a lot against the pros; that sort of thing, amateurs against pros, isn't allowed any more. And for a third thing, even right out of high school, I would've been one of the biggest centers in pro ball, maybe the biggest; I wouldn't have had to worry about a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or a Nate Thurmond or an Artis Gilmore. These kind of big men didn't exist then.

I'm pretty certain that at 18, I was ready for the pros, physically. The hard part would have been the mental part, handling the traveling, the financial responsibility, the social life. Even though I had a certain degree of sophistication, maybe a little more than Malone—after all, I came from a big city, and in the Catskills, I'd been around wealthy and influential people—I really don't think I was ready for the pro life. The game, yes. The life, no.

I hope Malone is ready. (If he is, starting at his age, he's about the only person who could break some of the professional records I set.) Moses has a lot of adjusting to do. He may not be going to college, but he's still starting a whole new education. He's going to find out, if he hasn't already, that everybody has advice for him—what to do with his life, with his time, with his money—and he's going to need help to correlate all these things. The most important thing is for him to find someone he can totally trust. I'm sure there are a lot of people willing to help him—and help themselves at the same time, nothing wrong with that—but he should be very careful picking the right man.

I've seen Bill Walton play many times, and I have the utmost respect for him. He's willing to do whatever it takes to win. Of course, a lot of guys are willing to do whatever it takes to win. The difference is, Walton is capable of doing it. He's not going to break any scoring records. He's going to be a Bill Russell-type, concentrating on defense. He gambles a lot on defense, he tries to stop every shot, and I think he'll be better off when he learns to give up a play here and there, to stay out of foul trouble.

The only problem I foresee for Walton is that he's going to have to sacrifice some of his principles. I respect his free ways. I respect his love for nature. And I certainly have nothing against a guy wearing a groovy headband. But still, he's got to put up with all the rigamarole of pro basketball, and he's going to find sometimes, at midnight in Cleveland or two in the morning in Omaha, he's going to run out of dried berries and still be hungry. He's going to have to compromise, and I just hope he makes his compromises the right way—the right way for him.

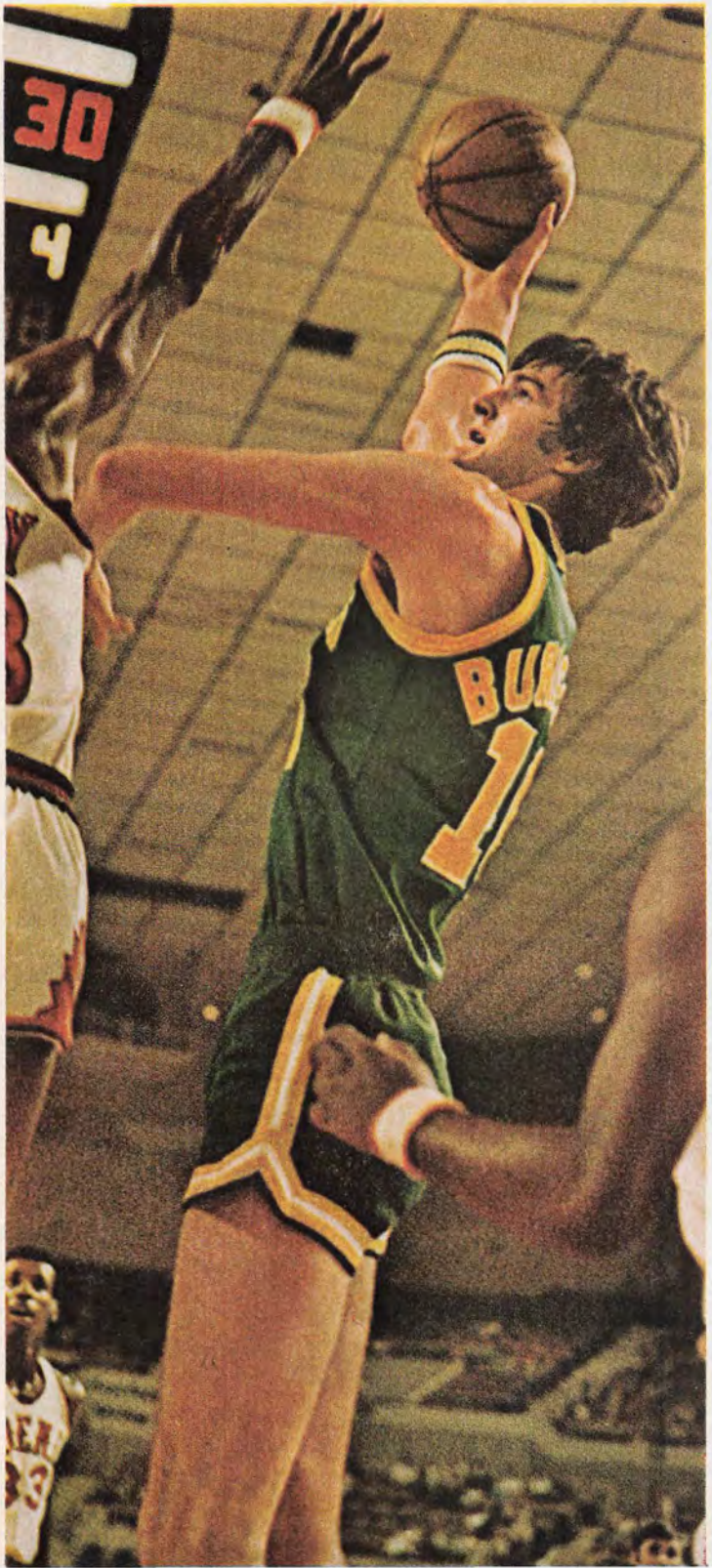
I realize Walton's very introverted, and that's going to be hard at times. There are some beautiful reporters, and there are some obnoxious guys. They're going to put pressure on him. They're going to criticize him. He should remember that criticism from one person is

Wilt Chamberlain

CONTINUED

just that—criticism from one person. Just 'cause one girl slaps your face, it doesn't mean they all think you're ugly.

Bill Russell and I have had our differences over the years, but I still think Tom Burleson is fortunate to have him as a coach (just as Walton is fortunate to have someone like Lenny Wilkens as his coach). Russell will be able to teach Burleson a lot of things about playing center that a shorter coach might not know. (Except shooting; that was never Bill's forte.) I've seen Burleson play, and I was amazed. He has nice little moves. His problem is strength—strength and stamina. If he wants, he can come down to my place during the summer, and we can play volleyball for four or five hours a day, then run in the sand for a while. I'll get him in shape to

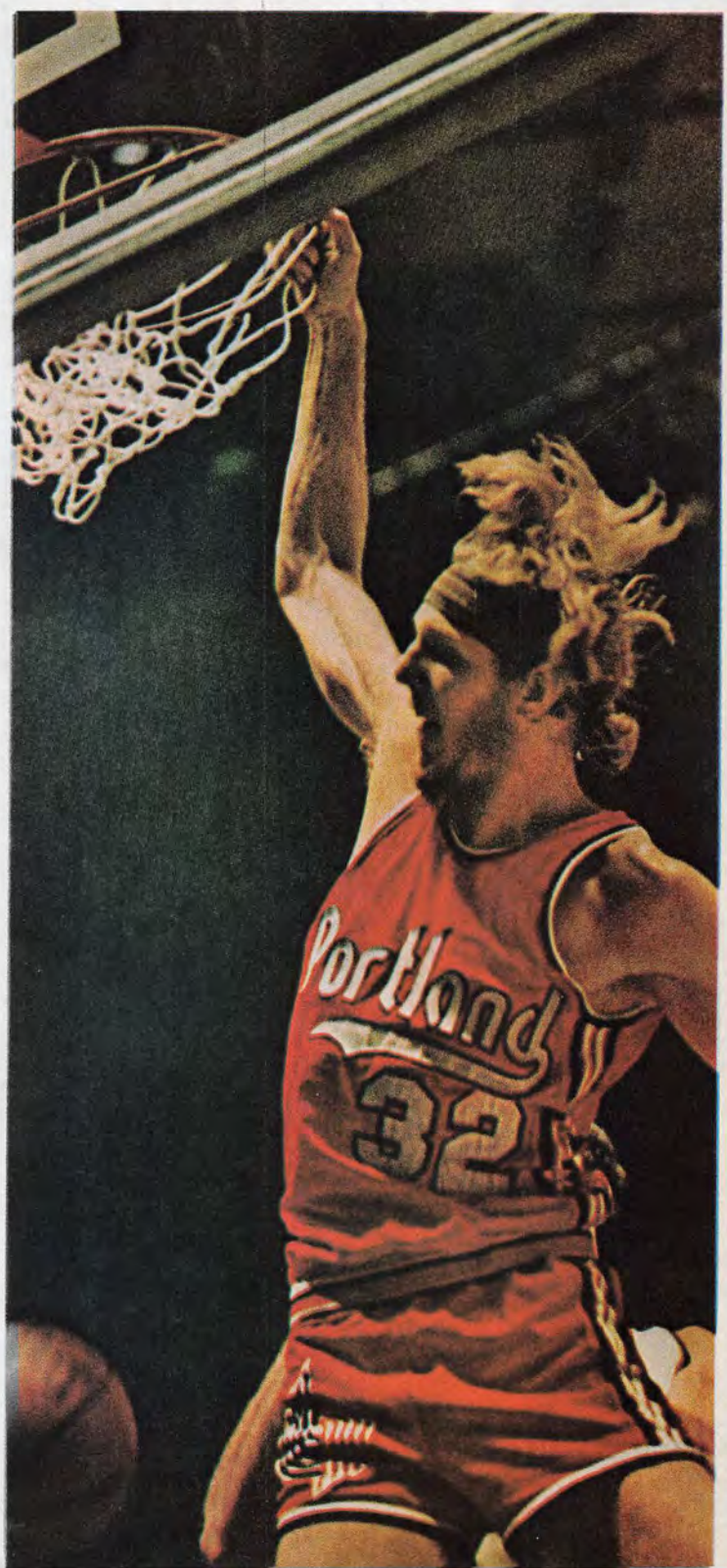


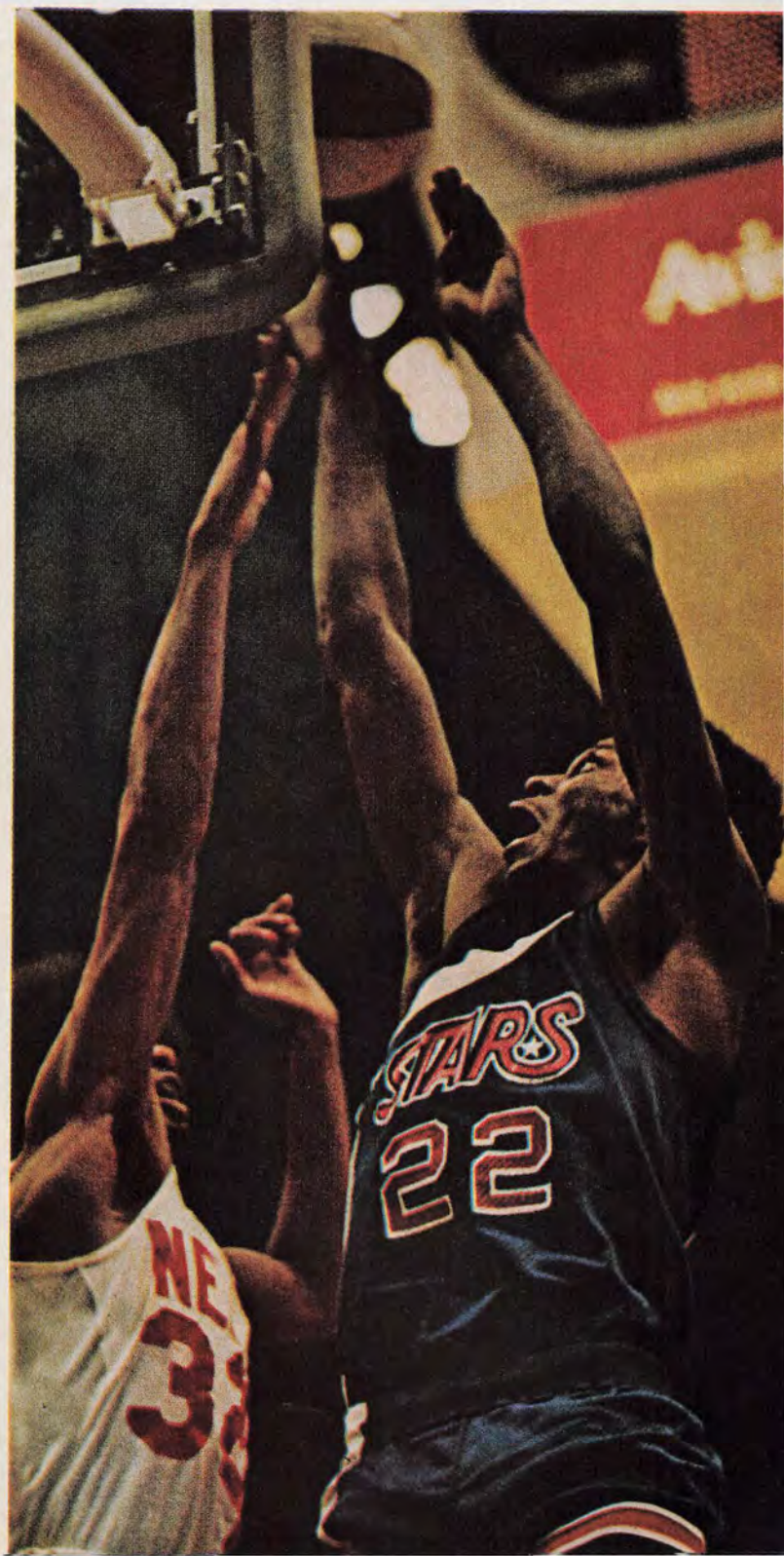
bump and run with the pros.

I am not jealous of any of these instant millionaires. It took me a little longer to make my first million, but I have no complaints. This is the happiest year of my life. This is the first time I can remember when I have the fall and the winter free to do what I want to do.

I am thoroughly enjoying my new leisure. I have the finest house in the whole world, and I have fine friends and fine wines, and it all adds up to a fine time. I follow the basketball scores in the papers—I like to see who's scoring what—but I am back to my first love, track and field. I am sponsoring a women's track-and-field team, based in San Diego, called Wilt's Wonder Women, a modest title. I'll never forget the night I scored 100 points in an NBA game, and I'll never forget the night we—the Los Angeles Lakers—won the NBA championship. But for me, the best moment in sports is still to come, the moment when one of my girls steps up and collects our first Olympic gold medal. ■

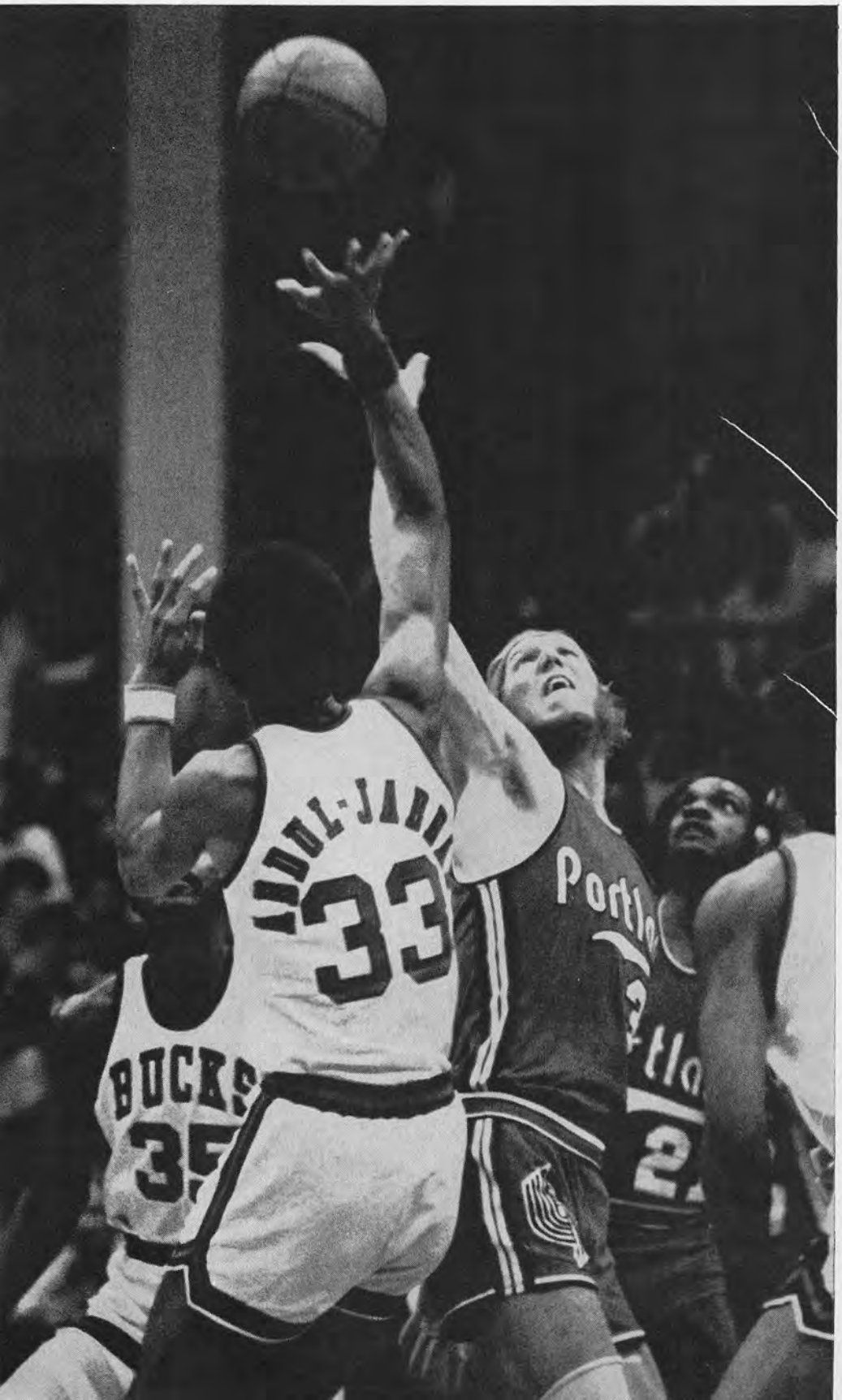
Wilt Chamberlain (far left) set the standards by which all centers must be measured; Tom Burleson, Bill Walton and Moses Malone (left to right) would all like to measure up to Wilt's records.





Bill Walton: BACKPACKING IN THE NBA

BY PETE AXTHELM AND PETER BONVENTRE



In the glittering, suede-on-suede milieu of pro basketball's super-stars, Bill Walton is an intruder in jeans, work boots and flannel shirts. While others savor the first-class travel and high-priced steaks that are part of the modern sports whirl, Walton moves at his own pace, tuning in to a very private drummer and nibbling at the dried fruits that he carries in a wrinkled brown paper bag. He earns his living by attracting paying customers into smoky arenas, yet yearns for the joys of backpacking in lonely mountains; the Portland Trail Blazers will pay him a reported $2.5 million during the next five years, but his only concession to sudden wealth has been the purchase of a functional Toyota Land Cruiser. The contradictions in Walton's personality seem almost endless, but he feels no obligation to work them out in full view of his fans: For all his intense feelings about himself and his society, his public pronouncements invariably dissolve into evasive mumblings into his fuzzy red beard.

His basketball talent is the one thing about Walton that is easy to comprehend. Fast, fearsome and six feet, 11 inches tall, he is the most significant player to enter the National Basketball Association since Kareem Abdul-Jabbar joined the Milwaukee Bucks during the 1969-70 season. Like Abdul-Jabbar, Walton is expected to single-handedly mold a bad team into a good one; and like Bill Russell of Boston before him, he is supposed to provide a blend of defensive genius and team leadership that will eventually lead to championships. But for all his promise, Walton has struck some observers as the type

The first time the ex-UCLA stars met, the King, Abdul-Jabbar, gave the Crown Prince, Walton (right), a bitter lesson.

of rookie who might prove vulnerable to the rigors and pressures of NBA life.

"It's not my job to worry about adjusting," Walton said defensively when the subject was broached. "You might spend a lot of time worrying about it. But I don't."

Hoping to cut down on the inevitable requests for interviews with the young superstar, Portland officials scheduled a series of Walton press conferences during the team's first swing through the league. Coach John Wooden had shielded Walton from the press during Bill's brilliant career at UCLA, and Bill seemed ill-prepared and impatient with the repetitive queries that most pro stars learn to accept as part of the routine; he also resented the feeling that he was being put on display in a kind of traveling freak show.

"I don't eat flesh foods," Walton explained wearily at each stopover. "I don't like eating anything that another person has to kill. There's too much killing going on in the world today."

"Then you're a vegetarian," came the inevitable response.

"No," interrupted Walton. "I don't like putting labels like that on people."

But the labels follow him everywhere, creating some of his most aggravating problems. Sensitive and angry about the plight of blacks in America, he bridles at his role as the Great White Hope in a black-oriented sport. And although he has worked hard on campaigns to impeach Richard Nixon and once was arrested in a campus anti-war demonstration, he resents the implication that he is a symbol or spokesman for his generation. "I believe in working in appropriate ways to express my opinions and try to change things," he explains. "I don't believe that an athlete should use his fame as a platform and speak for others." So the fires within Walton are revealed only to trusted friends—and the rest of the world sees only the emotion that he chooses to channel into basketball.

Even in his first tentative strides through the league, however, that glimpse of Walton's character was enough to convince most of the doubters. Jostling for position under the basket and raising his fists to celebrate each Blazer score, he at last looked like a man in his element.

To the critics who analyzed him through the exhibition season and the start of regular play, Walton's most striking assets were his startling quickness, agility and unselfish team play. In some games, he shot poorly and in others he seemed to tire—prompting questions about his diet and his skinny 220-pound frame. But the important fact was that he could be one of the rare players who can lead his team even when he is not scoring.

"Bill was trained in the team concept, like me," said high-scoring forward Sidney Wicks, another former UCLA star. "When I'm looking for a feed, he always knows where I am. It's a terrific feeling." Typically, Walton described the situation in less euphoric terms: "I'm just playing my normal game. We're not trying to build a one-man team here."

On the contrary, the Blazers have a balanced club that has been painstakingly assembled over several seasons. Wicks and Geoff Petrie, both former Rookies of the Year, do much of the scoring. Johnny Johnson, a hardworking all-around forward, adds rebounding and hustle to the blend—and the wise 37-year-old Lenny Wilk ens provides poise and experience as the quarterback. Walton now looms as the towering force who will bring out the best in all the players around him—allowing them to run on offense and cheat by a half-step on defense, just as the Celtics did when they had Russell.

Not that Walton's NBA initiation was an easy one. Abdul-Jabbar administered a painful lesson to him in one head-to-head exhibition game; other veteran teams lured him out of position on defense and harried him into a troublesome shooting slump. Like all young players, Bill showed weaknesses to the purists in his audience. "He's got to get better at rebounding in traffic," said Portland vice-president Stu Inman. Coach Wilkens added that Walton sometimes dribbled too much or tried to block shots too quickly—but he hardly seemed disturbed at the rookie's development.

Walton's education in the personal side of being a superstar may take years; he is not the first intellectually bent athlete to find his quest for privacy and perspective twisted into what the public sees as arrogance. Bill Bradley of the New York Knicks, for example, is a thoughtful man who can talk interestingly in many areas; but before he achieved a relaxed balance between his game and his outside interests, he impressed some outsiders as enigmatic and remote.

"I thought that when I left UCLA, questions about my lifestyle or hair length wouldn't be important to anyone," Walton has said. As the questions keep coming up, he will presumably come out from behind his monosyllabic responses and decide how to handle them.

By that time, he will have long since learned to handle his competition in the NBA. After his first few weeks of action, the learning period seemed almost over: He was leading the league in rebounds and blocked shots. "I was with the Celtics when Russell came into the league," said Los Angeles coach Bill Sharman, "and Walton is the same type of player—extremely intelligent, with great intensity."

Blazer assistant coach Tom Meschery, a talented poet, once wrote perhaps the most memorable description of Russell—"an eagle with a beard." Meschery was asked recently if he had been inspired to write any lines about Walton.

His answer said as much about Walton's entry into pro ball as all the scouting reports and rebounding statistics. "It would take some time to write," said Meschery. "But I can see a poem flowing the way he plays, with a primitive grace, power—and raw emotion." ■

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Tom Burleson: BIG HOPE FOR A SONIC BOOM

BY EMMETT WATSON

When Sam Schulman, owner of the Seattle Supersonics, reeled in his first draft choice, Tommy Burleson, a seven-foot-two center from North Carolina State, connoisseurs of finance estimated Schulman paid out close to $300,000 a foot. This was high, even for Sam, who is well on his way to creating more millionaires than the oil depletion allowance. In the five-year life of his contract, Burleson is expected to gross some $2.1 million, thus joining such other fortunates as Spencer Haywood, John Brisker, Jim McDaniels and the Sonics' coach, Bill Russell. Specific figures are not available on request, but Sam's Seattle payroll alone could feed a small, developing nation.

But this was not another Sam Schulman shopping tour, a costly grab of a dubious prospect, such as McDaniels. Bill Russell wanted Burleson badly, and Schulman, game to the wallet, agreed to do anything possible to get Russell the big man he needed.

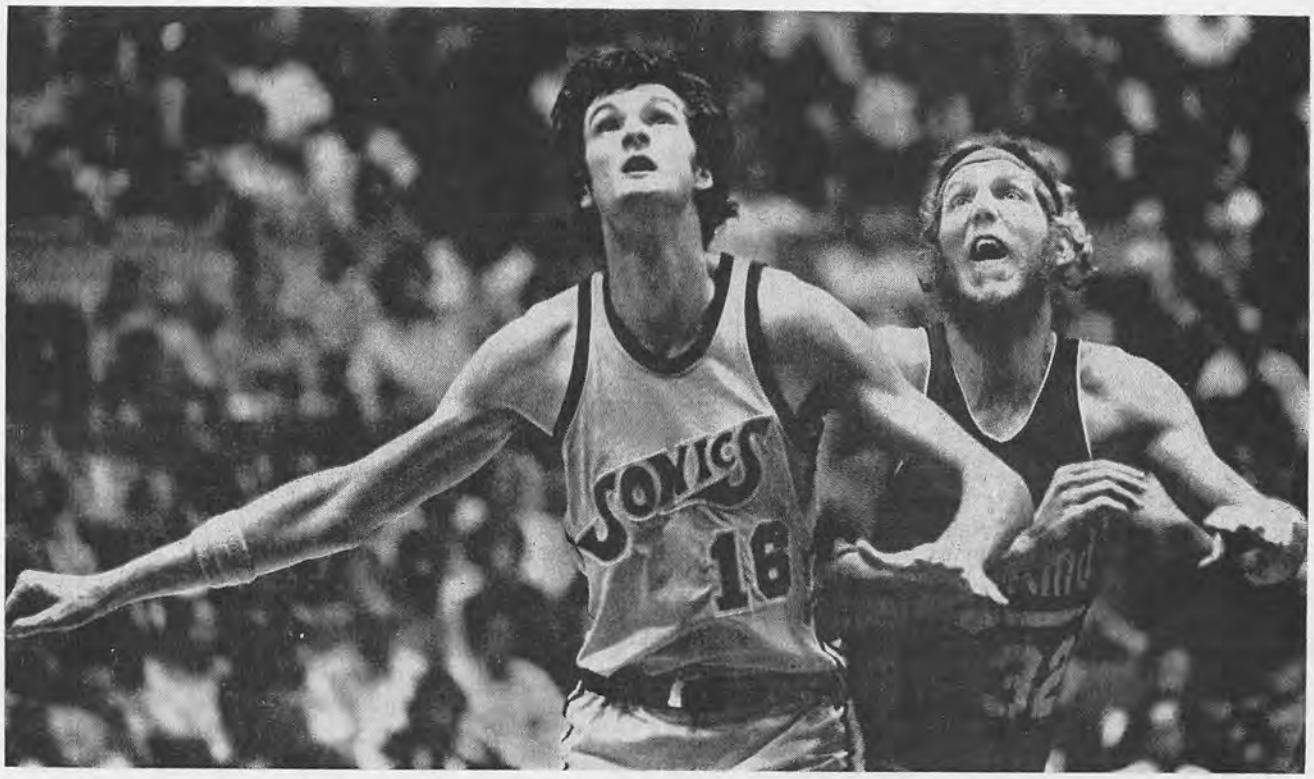
First, to get a shot at Burleson, Russell traded a proven star, Dick Snyder, to Cleveland in exchange for the Cavaliers' first draft choice. Since two teams, Portland and Philadelphia, would draft ahead of Seattle, there was considerable palm-sweating; Russell desperately needed a big man to go up against the likes of Thurmond, Lanier, Abdul-Jabbar and Bill Walton. Portland, as expected, took Walton, while Philadelphia, to the vast relief of Seattle, drafted Marvin Barnes. And when Seattle outbid Indiana, of the ABA, at contract time, Russell breathed a huge sigh and said, "Up to now he's been 'Tommy.' From now on, he's 'boy.' "

"Shortly after that," reports Burleson, "Mr. Russell took me aside and talked to me. He said stats don't mean anything. He said he was telling me the same thing Red Auerbach told him when he came to Boston. He said he didn't care how many points I scored. He told me, 'It's how well you clog up the middle and get rebounds. I want you clogging up the middle and shutting it down.' "

"We went after him," Russell says, "for things you can't teach, like attitude, desire to work hard and reasonable intelligence."

It was quickly evident that Burleson has all three qualities. His

Tom Burleson can't match Bill Walton for basketball maturity or basketball skills, but he has the edge in height.



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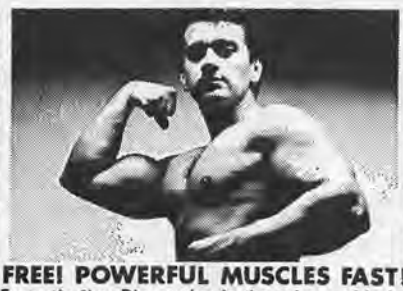

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attitude toward the sport was revealed when he himself insisted on a "public appearance" clause in his contract. "I wanted that clause," he explained later, "because I think all athletes owe sport a lot. Sport gives us national fame and is one of the highest-paid jobs you can get. If people didn't like games, we'd be out looking for other work. If you have the time, you should spend it with the fans, with the people who put you where you are."

Last fall a boy yelled up at Bill Russell and demanded, "Hey, gimme your autograph." Burleson was standing nearby. "Please," Tommy said, coming down hard on the word, "*please*, may I have your autograph, *sir*?" The kid didn't get the autograph (nobody does from Bill Russell), but he got a lesson in common courtesy.

Tommy calls everybody "sir" and "Mr.," even people in his own age bracket. There is no false obsequiousness in this. Burleson confounds sportswriters with his warm politeness. He is an instant millionaire of singular—even exceptional—human qualities.

Without making much fuss about it, he visits camps each summer for retarded kids in North Carolina. "I get quite a bit of satisfaction from that," he explains. "You see, a normal kid looks up to a Bill Russell or a Bill Walton because he knows they are famous. But a retarded kid doesn't know that. He looks up to anybody who'll spend time with him. You don't just 'give talks' to kids like that. They wouldn't really understand, anyway. But they do understand when you just be with them, pay attention to them. To me, that's very meaningful."

Most of Tommy's enormous salary goes to Northwestern Banking & Trust, in North Carolina, for safekeeping and investments. He took some of his bonus money and bought his sister, Linda, age 15, a pony. He gave a little to Connie, his older sister, and bought some clothes for his youngest sister, four-year-old Martha. His only concession to personal luxury is a Ford van, fixed up for camping.

"I live on $900 a month," he says, "and that's all I really need. For somebody like me, who never had much, that's a lot. I pay $240 a month rent, need maybe $40 for electricity, and my phone bill runs $70 or $80 a month. I don't buy a lot of clothes. I don't want anything outrageously nice, like a super stereo, or anything like that. I've spent about $3,000 since I came to Seattle, mostly for furniture."

What is a luxury to others can be a necessity to a seven-foot-two 22-year-old. Burleson has ordered a custom-built bed—six-and-a-half feet wide, eight feet long.

Tommy comes from North Carolina mountain country, the Blue Ridge Mountain range, about four miles from the Tennessee border. His great-grandfather settled there after the Civil War. It is a beautiful, rugged country of white pines, balsam, rhododendrons and green shrubbery. Avery County's population is only about 10,000, including 140 polite Burlesons, all of whom used to show up in a special section when Tommy played for North Carolina State.

"Politeness is part of our family custom," he says. "We were all raised that way. Once you get to know it, the true meaning of politeness, you understand it. It really expresses the respect that one human being owes another."

Burleson is anything but polite under the basket. He has gained 15 pounds since his senior year in college. Against Portland, in an early-season game, he pulled in ten rebounds to Walton's 15, while playing about half as much as Walton.

Burleson got his real baptism against Detroit's Bob Lanier, in the season opener in Seattle. Tommy went in tough—too tough—and as Burleson tells it, Lanier said, "You don't have to play that rough, kid. Now I'll show you how the vets play." Lanier sank his next four shots, and later Russell said, "He made that one rookie mistake." But Lanier added, after the game, "I've always liked him. He's so big, he's going to give people problems." Even while absorbing that lesson, Burleson pulled in 11 rebounds and scored 14 points. He had been outplayed, but not embarrassed.

Burleson agrees with most of the experts who say he is behind Bill Walton in athletic maturity. His father, Loren Burleson, a fine athlete himself in his younger days, wanted Tommy to play baseball. "I had a ball in his hand when he was five years old," says Loren, "but when he started to grow about four inches a year, the only way to go was basketball."

"You see, I didn't really play basketball until I got in high school, except in the back yard with my sister Connie," Tommy says. "She was a good basketball player, though, and we competed in high school to see who'd get the most trophies. I got good coaching in high school, but there weren't many good players to compete against. Most of the guys my age were out hunting and fishing. Really, just going down to the playgrounds, Bill Walton could get better competition than I had.

"By the time I was a freshman in college, I was still getting by on height and quickness. It wasn't until my junior and senior years that I really began to develop as a player."

The Sonics recognize all this. Bill Russell has put no pressure on Tommy, working with him carefully, along with Seattle's alternate center, Jim Fox. "Walton has better moves at this point," says Fox, "but Tommy is tougher to shoot over." Most of the Seattle players, who may be biased, feel that Burleson is only two years away from superstardom.

Leonard Gray, a Sonic rookie, more or less summed up Tommy's future in one sentence. Asked to evaluate Burleson's talents, Gray thought the question over carefully, then replied: "Well, when everybody else is tired, he's still going to be tall." ■

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Moses Malone: UNDERGRADUATE IN THE ABA

BY DON KOWET

The New York Nets, the defending champions of the American Basketball Association, opened the 1974-75 season at home, in the Nassau Coliseum, and for once, the main attraction wasn't the house physician, Julius Erving. Dr. J. was overshadowed by a young man who had skipped his internship and his residency and had stepped straight into the operating room.

"I was sitting in the stands," says Rod Thorn, the assistant coach of the Nets, "and I overheard lots of people saying they came to the game for only one reason: Moses Malone."

Moses Malone is the only teenager in the American Basketball Association, a 19-year-old, six-foot-10½ Virginian who had graduated from high school only four months earlier. (Not to be outdone, the NBA has one teenager, too—19-year-old Eric Money of the Detroit Pistons.)

In high school, in Petersburg, Va., Malone averaged 39 points a game and led his team to 50 straight victories and two state championships. As a result, he and his mother—who worked days as a supermarket packer and nights as a nurse's aide—had come to know recruiters from more than 300 colleges and universities, or roughly one-third of all American institutions of higher learning that support fulltime varsity basketball programs.

Not since Lew Alcindor was a senior at New York City's Power Memorial had a high-school basketball player been recruited so intensively. "They dragged me to as many as 24 schools last spring," Malone says. "Sometimes they brought me in to meet the president of the university, who talked to me like he wanted to be my father, which made me laugh. Meanwhile, I kept my ears open."

Malone says he heard offers of free apartments, free clothes, free automobiles, even free friends. "Do you know what some of those schools did?" Moses asks. "They fixed me up with dates. When I got home, those girls would call me and pretend to be in love with me. What kind of stuff is that?"

Out of all the bids, Malone chose the University of Maryland, which offered him a full grant-in-aid and a chance to play with and against the best collegians in the country. But before classes began, Malone changed his mind. He signed with the Utah Stars, because they offered him a contract worth an estimated $3 million spread over an estimated 12 years.

The IRS welcomed Malone's decision, but Lefty Driesell did not. Lefty Driesell is the coach of the University of Maryland, and when he heard that, after struggling and charming and promising and cajoling and beating out 299 other colleges, he had lost out to one pro team, he reacted as calmly and rationally as if his neighborhood barber had inadvertently clipped off his ears.

"I think the American Basketball Association is a bush league," said Driesell, always the good loser. "Look at that red-white-and-blue beach ball they use. Doesn't that give you some idea of what they're like? They're bandits and outlaws."

Eventually, Driesell calmed down a little. "I wanted Moses to play at least one year at Maryland," he explained. "He could have learned a lot against college competition. Then he could have applied as a hardship case and joined the National Basketball Association. I hope he has four great seasons for Utah and then skips out to the NBA. Those people have no morals in the American Basketball Association. None at all."

Driesell, of course, has deep moral convictions, including the one that with Moses Malone, he would have been almost assured of winning the national collegiate basketball championship.

The pros, not surprisingly, also had a high opinion of Malone, so high they literally stooped to conquer. The Utah Stars' coach, Bucky Buckwalter, installed himself in a motel outside of Petersburg. "There were so many reporters and people in front of Malone's house," Buckwalter recalls. "Once, in order to see Moses, I had to sneak up to his front door. I was crawling through the grass and was bitten by a dog."

It may have been a cheap price to pay for Malone.

At the beginning, the Stars intended to bring Moses along slowly, shielding his psyche from too much exposure (one Salt Lake City disc jockey had already nicknamed him "Mumbles" for his habit of answering interviewers' questions in monosyllables) and his gangling, 215-pound body from too much punishment. But All-Star forward Willie Wise quit the team over "personal problems," All-Star guard Jimmy Jones jumped to the Washington Bullets of the NBA, and center Zelmo Beaty had signed with the Los Angeles Lakers. The Stars were forced to start Malone. In his first game, against the Nets, he had to face Larry Kenon, who had been selected to the ABA All-Rookie team last season, and Julius Erving, who annually is chosen for every All-ABA team. The fans may have turned out to see Moses Malone. The experts expected to see Moses

Malone get dismembered.

To open the game, Malone jumped center against the Nets' Billy Paultz and then shifted to forward. After only 14 seconds, Malone scored the first basket on a quick, short, rolling layup inside. He also made the second basket, tapping in Al Smith's missed jumper. When, with the score tied, 8-8, two Nets double-teamed him in an attempt to pry the ball loose, Malone sprinted down the lane, past Billy Paultz, to score his sixth point of the game, and to give the Stars a 10-8 lead. In all, Malone hit four of six shots in the first half. He scored ten points. Instead of being intimidated, he was the intimidator. And not only on offense. Playing head-to-head against Julius Erving for a time, Malone blocked two of Dr. J's shots, while pulling down four rebounds.

Eventually, the Stars were defeated, 105-89, but when Moses left the game, with three minutes and 45 seconds remaining, he had scored 19 points and had collected 11 rebounds.

Teammate Gerald Govan summed up the feelings of the players on both teams and the press and the fans, when he said: "Just think what he must have been like against those high-school kids last year. And just think what he's going to be like during the middle of the season."

But Dr. J. and Larry Kenon didn't have to wait for the middle of the season to find out how quickly Moses Malone could get better. Twelve days after their first encounter, the Nets met the Stars again, in Salt Lake City. This time, instead of playing only 33 minutes, Malone played 44. His rebound total (15) was only three less than Julius Erving's and Larry Kenon's *combined*. In the second half alone, he scored 20 points, for a total of 28.

After the game, someone asked Dr. J. to sum up Malone's play.

"In two words," said Julius Erving. "I believe." ■

Almost everyone thought Malone would be intimidated by Dr. J. and the Nets. Instead, Moses did the intimidating.

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AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY: The College Basketball Scandals Revisited

BY CHARLEY ROSEN

The game had already begun, but outside Madison Square Garden ticket scalpers were still herding their customers into orderly lines. As the roar of the crowd spilled out into the street, the scalpers doubled their prices, yet nobody objected, and as the number of available tickets dwindled, the negotiations collapsed into a frantic auction. Finally, as bids climbed higher than $100 apiece, each scalper had to decide how to dispose of his last precious ticket. With few exceptions, the scalpers spurned all offers, rushed inside and were soon screaming as wildly as their customers.

What kind of basketball matchup could be so exciting it turns hardened scalpers into shrieking fans? Perhaps a Knicks-Celtics playoff? Or a Walt Frazier-Jerry West showdown? Not a chance. No scalper in his right mind would turn down $100 just to see a professional basketball game. This particular hysteria could only have been witnessed from the late 1940s to early 1951, when the hottest ticket in New York was for a college-basketball doubleheader at Madison Square Garden.

Any combination of games which matched schools like Holy Cross, Kentucky, Long Island University, Bradley, St. John's and CCNY (City College of New York) would induce baseketball DTs all over the city. It was a time of curious innocence for America, a country that had recently come through World War II accustomed to cheering for "The Good Guys" and was now clinging to uncomplicated illusions. The fledgling National Basketball Association still had franchises in places like Waterloo, Anderson and Sheboygan, and the only way the pros could draw a full house was by adding a Harlem Globetrotters' game to the program. It was definitely college basketball that attracted the fans and featured the heroes, a multitude of stars such as Bob Cousy, Paul Arizin, Dolph Schayes, Ed Macauley and Dick McGuire, who would eventually turn pro and transform the NBA into a big league.

In 1950, the CCNY basketball team was the national champion; one year later, CCNY was a national disgrace.

And yet, those particular men did not dominate college basketball. Back then, when Dr. J. was still wearing Doctor Denton's *the* play-

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The College Basketball Scandals Revisited

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er with the mirror-smooth game was Long Island University's exciting Sherman White. When Clyde was only interested in stealing cookies, Floyd Layne of CCNY had the fastest ball-stealing hands in the game. When Wes Unseld was destroying a teddy bear a week, Ed Roman's picks were powering that CCNY team to the unprecedented and unduplicated feat of winning both the NIT and NCAA titles in the same year. And when John Wooden was still teaching Indiana State teachers about basketball, the ruling dynasty of college ball was Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats. Led by the fabulous trio of center Alex Groza, guard Ralph Beard and forward Wallace "Wah Wah" Jones, Rupp's teams won 68 games and lost only five en route to consecutive national championships in 1948 and 1949. Fans all over the country were willing to pay scalpers' rates to see them and the likes of LIU's scintillating jump-shooter, Leroy Smith, Bradley's hard-driving Gene Melchiorre, and the three other starters on CCNY's double-championship team: Ed Warner, Al Roth and Irwin Dambrot.

The skills and appeal of these college players were so strong that Groza, Beard, Jones and some Kentucky teammates entered the NBA as a unit in 1949, the hub of a newly-named franchise, the Indianapolis Olympians. The team was good enough to win a division championship its first season and Groza was good enough to be named to the NBA first-string All-Pro team. The next season, both Groza and Beard were first-string All-Pro, but as a result of a sudden calamity that almost ruined the entire sport and nearly broke the hearts of its followers, they were never again allowed to play in the NBA. And as a result of that same calamity, the names of many other great players of that era are still spoken in whispers. It was an era that, in retrospect, hit its high point exactly 25 years ago, with the excitement of CCNY's 1950 double championship, because, in the midst of the next season, beginning on February 17, 1951, New York City District Attorney Frank Hogan arrested 32 players—and former players—from seven colleges, who had admitted fixing 86 games between 1947 and 1950. Among them were White, Layne, Roman, Groza, Beard, Smith, Melchiorre, Warner, Roth and Dambrot.

The players were implicated for shaving points, for manipulating "point spreads," and when Hogan's detectives made the initial arrests, most Americans, in their innocence, had never even heard of a point spread. They quickly learned that it was a betting device, one that works—in the words of a man who is a part-time bookmaker now and was a ballplayer then—as follows: "Let's say UCLA is playing some real stiff team. You'd have to be a basket case to bet against them in a straight win-or-lose proposition, so the poorer team is spotted a certain number of imaginary points. Say the spread is UCLA minus 20 points. If UCLA wins by 19 or less, all the bets against them are good. If they win by 21 or more, the UCLA money collects. 'Shaving' just means controlling the final point differential in a ballgame."

In their initial approaches to the players, the gamblers always em-

phasized that they were not asking the young men to lose games, but simply to shave the margins by which their teams won. In some cases, though, this bookmaker implies, the demands later grew more complicated. "There were plenty of games around that time," he says, "where both teams were in the bag. It was like a circus . . . layups missed, passes thrown all over the building. They could have printed the boxscores in *Variety*."

The subsequent sentences ranged from probation to three years in jail, but hardly anybody was convinced that all the guilty had been punished. One retired sportswriter claims today that Hogan was under incredible pressure to limit the scope of his investigations. "The DA could have reduced college basketball to the level of intercollegiate bowling if he'd wanted to," the ex-writer says. "Everybody knew that certain players escaped detection because the colleges they played for had significant political or religious connections. Guys were doing business all over the place: Coaches, referees and even players who later sneaked into the NBA. It was a catastrophe."

While the scandals ultimately reduced the average attendance at Madison Square Garden's college games to 5,000 beer-swilling fraternity brothers, the NBA was the beneficiary of the sudden vacuum in the basketball fan's free time. It is axiomatic that any pro league must have a viable franchise in the huge New York market if it is to succeed. And even though CCNY and LIU were banned from playing in the Garden, and would never again have big-time teams, the fans had grown accustomed to attending games there. So the NBA took off, and the Bill Waltons of today owe part of their inflated salaries to the men who fell under Hogan's selective indictments in 1951.

Ten years later, there was a new scandal. In March of 1961, Hogan brought under investigation 37 players representing 22 schools ranging from Columbia and St. John's in the East to North Carolina and Mississippi State in the South to Iowa in the Midwest. The country's mood was more cynical then, the public not quite so easily shocked, legal rights better protected, and so there were a jumble of lawsuits and players like Connie Hawkins, Roger Brown and Doug Moe were eventually allowed to pursue pro basketball careers.

But few of the original fixers, the 1951 group, have been forgiven. With the notable exception of Alex Groza, who is currently the coach and general manager of the San Diego Q's, all of the accused were forced to restructure their lives and find means of earning a living outside basketball. Some split at the seams and are only now recovering. City College's six-foot-four center, Ed Warner, convicted on a narcotics charge in 1963, became a basketball bum for many years before getting involved in community work. Another player was so scarred by the experience that he has never been able to tell his son about his involvement in the scandals. Ralph Beard, who is the general manager of a wholesale pharmaceutical concern in Louisville, still has nightmares. "I'll never get over it until they hit me with a spade," says Beard. "I took the money, but the ironic thing is that I never really 'earned' it. I was too win-oriented to ever put a ballgame in danger. I thought I'd be all right once I was too old to play ball. But I'm 46 now, and it still hurts."

Leroy Smith is a foreman in a factory that produces equestrian accessories. Al Roth is now a wealthy insurance salesman in upstate New York, while his ex-teammate, Irwin Dambrot, has become a successful dentist. Gene "Squeaky" Melchiorre designs, manufactures and sells women's sportswear. "It was

It's tough to cut a whisker when it's down.

Mennen **Prop:** Cool, refreshing electric pre-shave that props-up your beard and conditions your skin for closer, smoother shaves.

Prop-up your whiskers.

The College Basketball Scandals Revisited

CONTINUED

After Floyd Lane's own career got derailed, he spent his free time helping young players to stay on the right track.

the best thing that ever happened to me," Melchiorre says. "It made me a beter person."

Sherman White, Ed Roman and Floyd Layne have also recovered. Like others whose basketball careers were blasted by the scandals, these three have found both public and private success in their retread lives. But unlike most others, they are willing to unearth the bones of their personal shame. They are capable now of reading their personal histories in terms of the society in which they lived. They can define the racism, vindictiveness and favoritism which helped blast their basketball careers. They can see how the greed and hypocrisies, how the forged transcripts and illegal recruiting payments, how the range of corruptions in college athletics that helped breed the scandals are still rampant in the sports establishment a quarter of a century later.

Of all the players involved, few have suffered more than Sherman White and few have more cause to be bitter. "In his prime," says an ex-pro player, "Sherman was the best forward in the country. He had the quickest first step I've ever seen. At six-foot-eight, Sherman was like an Elgin Baylor-and-a-half and he used the whole court to play. He was mean enough to be great, but he also had finesse, plenty of smarts and good imagination. Sherman was the first big man to play like a little man and the Knicks wanted him badly. In fact, if he could have been signed out of high school like Moses Malone, Sherman would have been one rich dude."

Instead, Sherman White spent eight months in prison. And then, in lieu of a lucrative basketball career, he sold storm windows to pay the lawyers' fees his trials and appeals had accumulated. But don't feel sorry for White; today, he is a very successful liquor salesman and he enjoys the good will and the esteem of his community. Over the past decade, his wiry antelope body has softened and the only touches of his youthful agility that still survive are the dancing steps he uses to climb staircases, but his intense pride remains intact. "I really wasn't too crazy about the idea of playing for the Knicks," he said recently. "They played a very selfish style of ball in those days. I don't think I could have adjusted to it."

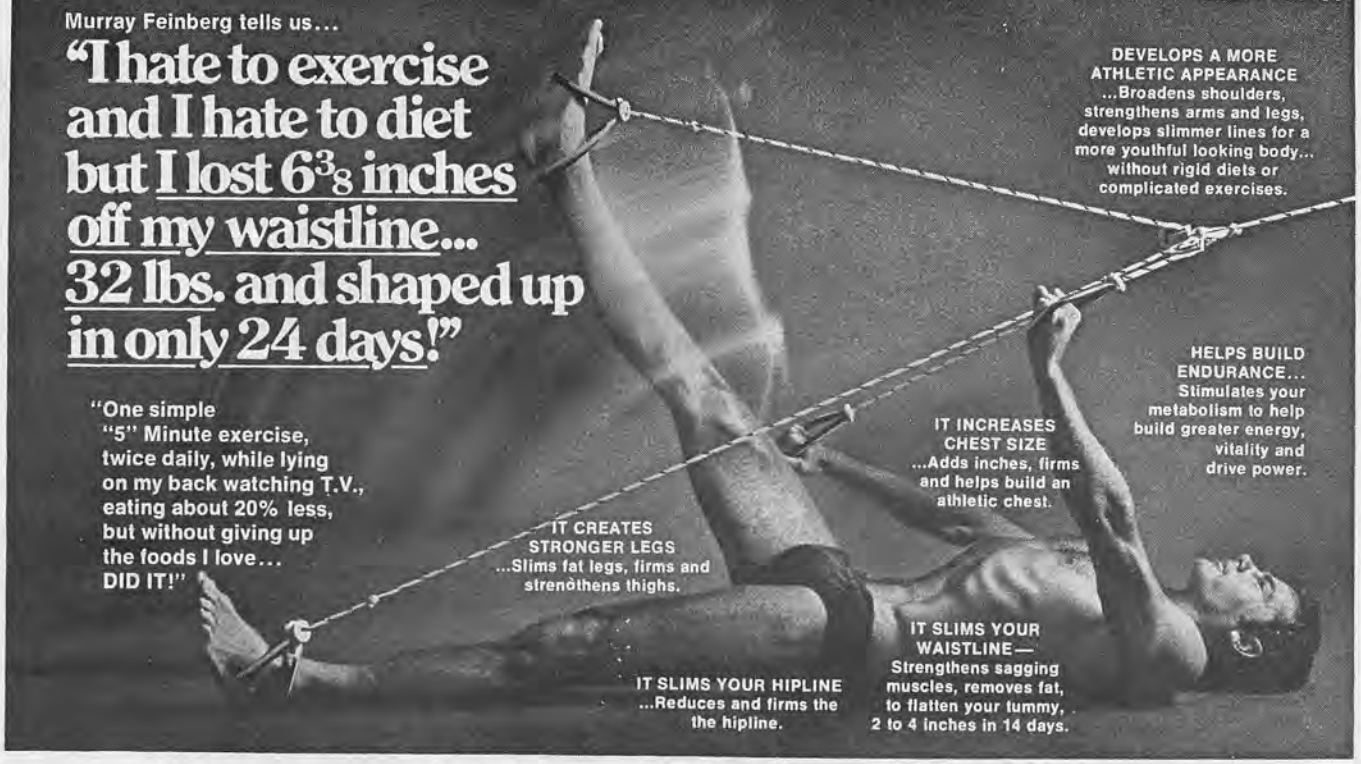
The judge at White's trial called him (along with Warner) a "corrupter of others," but it soon becomes evident that White was merely a wide-eyed kid from a small New Jersey town who did only what was expected of him. "It would have been easy for me to turn into a hood while I was in prison," White says. "But I never thought of myself as a criminal. Shaving points was a tradition all over New York City even before I got there. I had a teammate at LIU who expressly wanted to play college basketball just to make money fixing games. And as soon as I became good enough to control a ballgame, a lot of older, sharper guys who were already doing business wanted to get me involved. Believe me, I was young and unsophisticated, but the women, the money and the fancy clothes were just enticements. Most of us fell into it because it was a simple question of belonging. It was almost like joining a fraternity."

A positive result of White's involvement in the scandal is his feeling that he must try to prevent other kids from making mistakes in their lives. He therefore spends several hours a day doing volunteer work at a community aid center in his

Case #900150

Murray Feinberg tells us...

"I hate to exercise and I hate to diet but I lost 6 3/8 inches off my waistline... 32 lbs. and shaped up in only 24 days!"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DEVELOPS A MORE ATHLETIC APPEARANCE ...Broadens shoulders, strengthens arms and legs, develops slimmer lines for a more youthful looking body... without rigid diets or complicated exercises.
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IT SLIMS YOUR WAISTLINE— Strengthens sagging muscles, removes fat, to flatten your tummy, 2 to 4 inches in 14 days.

"I saw and felt results in first 3 days."

NO RIGID DIETING...
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This ingenious '5' Minute Total Body Shaper Plan, designed for busy people like you, has you starting to lose inches and pounds immediately...in the privacy of your own home. It's Safe...Medically Approved...and Guaranteed!

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1. **It Concentrates its Slimming Action On Your Fatty Areas, Waist, Hips, Upper Thighs,** that give you an aging look. Because it works all your body muscles gracefully at one time—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster slimming action to help you start fashioning a more youthful looking figure in 14 days.

2. **Simple to Use. No disrobing.** Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. **Designed to Slim Fatty Problem Areas.** Choose 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help slim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your figure in 14 days.

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It's Fun With Fast Results...'5' Minutes Once Over And Out.

The Secret Why It Beats Dieting, Fasting Or Exercising Alone In Making Your Figure Look Years Younger.

Dieting or fasting programs, when causing weight loss—unlike our Plan—usually burns more active tissue (muscle) than body fat, which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag and creates 'dragging fatigue'. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss by (exercise and temporary 20% food reduction) making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it remaining slim without re-gaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles".

February 26
Weight 278 lbs.
Waist 49½ in.

March 22
Weight 246 lbs.
Waist 43⅛ in.

USE OUR '5' MINUTE TOTAL BODY SHAPER PLAN FOR 14 DAYS AND WE GUARANTEE YOU THESE RESULTS:

"Lose 5 to 15 Pounds or More, 2 to 4 Inches Off Your Waistline Alone, Increase Energy And Well Being In Just 14 Days — Or Money Back!"*

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:
It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!
Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and other 'effortless exercisers' are of little or no value in firming, shaping and muscularizing your figure. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, our's is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it. **We Guarantee It.** Here's a sampling of what our slimming customers tell us that happened to them while using the Plan.

Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5¾ in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6⅜ in.	(21 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	6 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake—temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

DO IT NOW! It's America's most successful figure shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proven and notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

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The College Basketball Scandals Revisited

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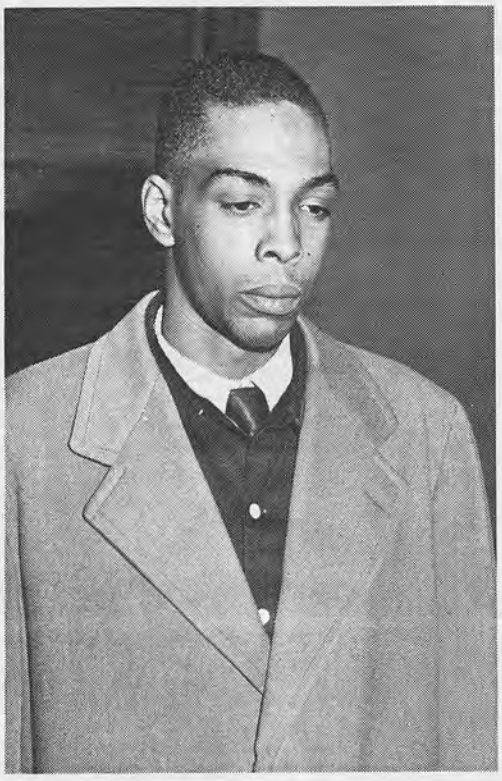

town, Orange, N.J. The main office is posted with anti-drug signs aimed at the neighborhood kids, but it is also crowded with senior citizens seeking information about their social security programs. There is a pleasant air of humility about the center and everybody who steps through the front door is treated with courtesy and genuine respect. It is not the kind of place where personal tragedies can be dwelt upon.

"The one thing that still gets a rise out of me," White said a while ago, in his tiny upstairs office at the center, "is how the whole thing was handled. There were players from Bradley, Toledo and Kentucky who were also involved, but the New York players were the hardest hit because most of us were either black or Jewish. The judge, in fact, made some very insulting racial remarks when he sentenced me.

"But I have no more room in my life for anger, bitterness or even shame."

If Sherman White isn't bitter any more, there remains a small army of players, coaches, writers, lawyers, educators and fans who are still seething over the official proceedings. Nobody argues that the young men were innocent. The point which is constantly raised, however, is that the trials in 1951

Floyd Lane (top), Ed Roman (left) and Sherman White leave the courtroom in 1951. Today, Layne (right, center) coaches at CCNY and White (bottom, right) is a successful liquor salesman.

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If you've never had one, have an A&C Grenadier.

Long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadiers —in light or dark wrappers—are a unique blend of fine imported and domestic tobaccos that give you real flavor, satisfying taste. It's one beautiful smoking experience.

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Ordinary commercial vitamins and other food supplements are fine, but they are just not designed to do what Head Start will. And since your hair grows seven times faster than your body cells, your hair needs more.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

IS HEAD START AN EFFECTIVE BALDNESS PREVENTATIVE?

In cases other than hereditary baldness. Balding occurs for the same reason dry unconditioned hair does.

(Balding is by no means limited to men. Over 7,000,000 women suffer from a hair or scalp disorder. One that could be correctable.)

After over three years of testing and daily use thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has actually begun.

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A late report from dermatologists has determined that hair simply won't grow without zinc sulfate.

We've increased zinc sulfate in our formula by a factor of ten to assure that your body and bloodstream will have the food your hair needs.

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Take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll return your money. Head Start is unconditionally guaranteed. Because it'll get to the root of your hair problem.

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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. *What's that?*

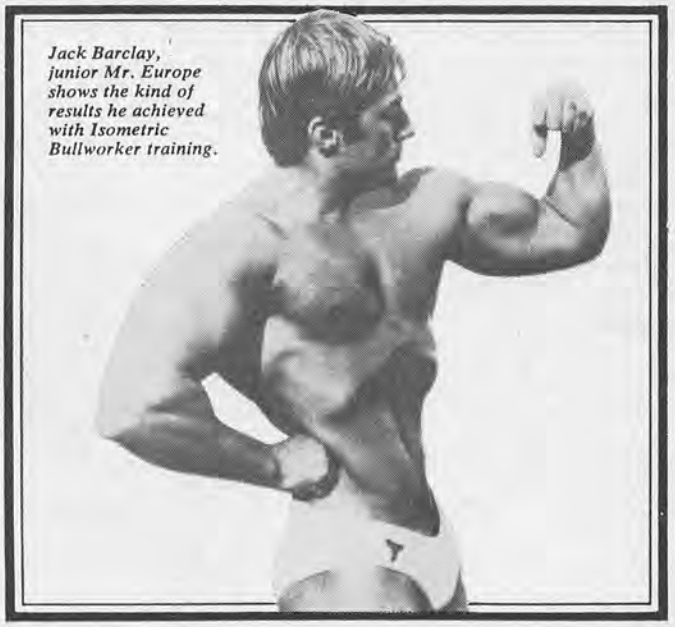
A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it: World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day... and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.



Jack Barclay, junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.

Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. *What do those figures mean in visual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.

Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training... it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds,* and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves.... And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters... every inch a man... bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free—on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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The College Basketball Scandals Revisited

CONTINUED

were orchestrated for purposes other than justice. The fixers' civil rights, it is claimed, were violated often. They were repeatedly denied the benefit of counsel and they were played against each other in the most unconscionable way. Yet there were defense attorneys who seemed indifferent.

Ed Roman is now a psychologist in a ghetto school in Brooklyn, and he feels he can understand why society treated a small group of erring post-adolescents so harshly. "The American people have a romanticized view of athletics," Ed says. "They want to identify with the entire fantasy that the world of sports has come to represent. Whenever you break a moral code that people think they are supposed to believe in, you are confronted with a wrath that's much stronger than any burglar or common thief ever faces. It was also the period of rampant McCarthyism, remember, so there were a great many self-protective reactions. All of the coaches, for example, yelled about their innocence from the rooftops. The kids were left defenseless and were made the patsies."

Roman now has 270 pounds spread over his six-foot-five frame, and he is periodically troubled by phlebitis. He hasn't touched a basketball in years and there is a touch of relief in his voice when he mentions his son's total lack of interest in basketball. The 25th anniversary of his chief encounter with fame finds Ed Roman a clear thinking and profoundly sensitive man. His deeds are now more private and more important than rebounding and setting picks; he is helping kids in slums adjust to what the rest of the world calls reality.

Ed Roman has long been beyond harm's way both professionally and spiritually, but one of his old CCNY teammates, Floyd Layne, spent 24 years trying to make his way through the ruins of the tragedy. And for Layne there was an additional stigma. On that winter evening when Roth, Roman and Warner were arrested on a train returning from a game in Philadelphia, Layne was ignored. He was therefore assumed to be innocent. A "show-of-confidence" rally was immediately organized on the CCNY campus to stir up support for players who remained on the team. Layne attended the rally and in the next game he scored 19 points and led CCNY to a victory over Lafayette. His performance prompted one newspaperman to write: "Floyd Lane seems to have come into his own with a dynamic performance, rebounding, passing and shooting remarkably well." Five days later, Layne was arrested.

"I came up from the pit," he now says. "But I didn't hide or sulk in a corner. I got a job in the garment district right away and showed my face in public." Then came a stint in the army, a brief tour with the Globetrotters, the completion of his degree and, ultimately, two decades of trying to find a place within the basketball establishment.

Layne wound up playing in the semi-pro Eastern League and coaching in Harlem's Rucker League—two activities which were barely on the margin of basketball respectability in those days. But while he was in those places, Layne spent his time coaching, teaching and personally advising an enormous list of successful college and professional basketball players. The names begin with Nate Archibald, whom Floyd discovered in a schoolyard, and include Dave Cowens, Austin Carr and Tom Sanders. All of those busy years have calmed Layne and taken away his legs and his wind, but he still has his athlete's heart. "Everybody knew my capabilities," he says, "but I was just unable to get a job in basketball. People still felt they would be taking a chance if they hired me. I didn't invent shaving points and I would never have considered throwing a ballgame. But people are just not well informed."

For a brief period, Layne coached at a junior college in New York. The unanimous judgment is that he did a phenomenal job with the meager talent available. But when his predecessor completed a graduate degree and wanted his old coaching position back, Layne was released. Not discouraged, he continued to apply for coaching spots at various colleges and in the pros. Despite the All-Americans and All-Pros he had worked with, all of his applications were turned down. Among other things, it was claimed by Columbia University that he lacked "sufficient and continuous experience on the high-school level."

Finally, after all those years of living one day and one game at a time, Layne answered an ad in a newspaper early last September and two weeks later was named head coach at CCNY, his old school, the place where his troubles began. But the intervening years have passed too slowly for Floyd to believe that he has at last "arrived." He says that "the shortest distance between two points is a straight line and I've traveled a wide circle to get back home. I can't tell you how good I feel, but I've learned along the way that the only game that counts is the next one. I've never asked for any sympathy or any handouts; all I wanted was a chance. Now it's up to me." ■

PHOTO CREDITS

John Biever—63. Cliff Boutelle—22-23. Barry Bregman—19 (left). Jim Cummins—83 (bottom and middle right). Bruce Curtis—23 (right), 90 (right inset). Joe DiMaggio—90 (background). Malcolm Emmons—29, 36, 68. Kevin Fitzgerald—9, 10 (2), 12 (3), 18 (3), 19 (top and middle right), 67 (2), 77. Lew is Franck—90 (left inset). Grant Haller—71. Fred Kaplan—42. Ron Koch—66 (right). Jeff Nachbar—6 (middle left). Bob Peterson—40 (right). Dave Sutton—55. Peter Travers—66 (left). UPI—6 (top and middle right), 40 (left), 61, 82 (bottom left and middle), 83 (bottom left and top), 84. Wide World—16, 39, 79.

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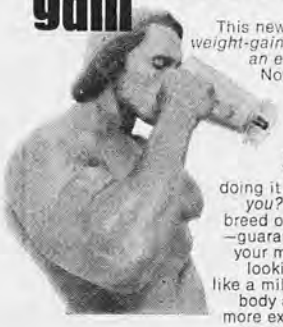

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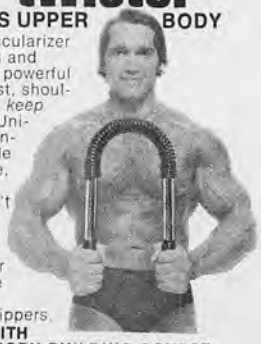

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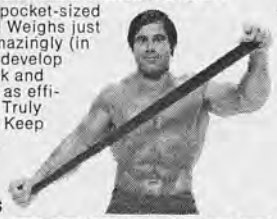

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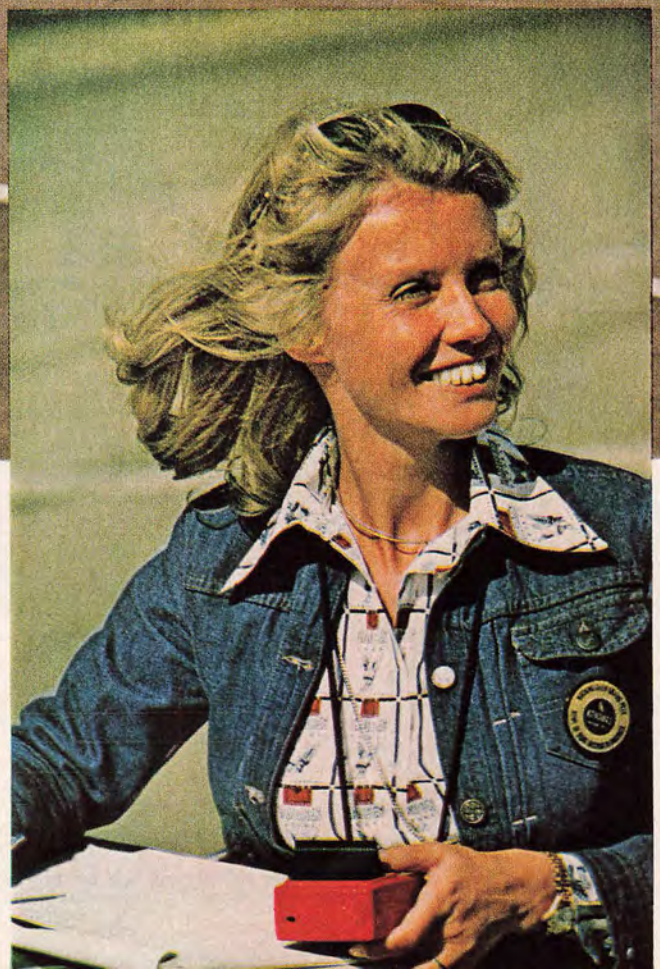

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Special

Ronnie Peterson: Fastest Man To The Scene Of The Accident

BY MICHAEL KATZ

Ronnie Peterson is the most famous Swedish athlete since Ingemar Johansson. You remember Ingemar Johansson. He was the heavyweight boxing champion of the world until he fell into the habit of being knocked out. Ronnie Peterson has the same habit.

Ronnie Peterson, at the age of 30, is the fastest Grand Prix driver in the world. Not necessarily the best: The fastest. He is also the most accident-prone. He has wrecked enough cars to open his own junkyard. He races between concussions. The bravest race drivers in the world fear nothing, except Ronnie Peterson.

During the 1973 United States Grand Prix, James Hunt, the gifted young British driver, spent almost the full race following Peterson's pace-setting Lotus and never made an attempt to pass him. "Oh, I thought about it," says Hunt, "but one time I got up close to Ronnie, and his eyes looked a lot fiercer than mine. I decided I'd rather be a live second than a dead nothing."

Six months later, in the 1974 Brazilian Grand Prix, Emerson Fittipaldi, the current world champion, twice tried to overtake Peterson. "Both times, I clearly had the corner from him," says Fittipaldi, who used to be Peterson's Lotus teammate and is still his friend. "Suddenly, I saw his car coming straight for mine. We were doing 250 (kilometers, a mere 155 miles an hour), and a crash would've meant death for both of us. It was a question of backing off or having an accident. You know Ronnie never backs off."

Clay Regazzoni is a talented Swiss driver, runner-up for the world driving championship in 1974, who, for the logical reason, is called "Crash" by his contemporaries. "I have had a lot of accidents," Regazzoni concedes, "but there's no way I can beat that damn Swede. How can you compete with three crashes in one day? Ronnie is the best crasher there is."

"Ronnie will be the world champion someday," says Jackie Stewart, the retired former world champion. "If he survives."

Ronnie Peterson, big, blond and blue-eyed, was supposed to become the world champion in 1974. Stewart had retired after winning the title in 1973, and Fittipaldi had switched from Lotus to McLaren (after being "equal No. 1" driver with Peterson for Lotus in 1973).

Peterson was coming off a stunning, if uneven, year. He set a Grand Prix record by winning the pole position (with the fastest qualifying lap) nine times in 15 races in 1973. In the French Grand Prix, his 47th attempt to win a GP, Peterson scored his first GP victory. He won three more Grand Prix races in 1973, three of the last four events, to be exact. Peterson also survived seven major accidents in 1973, four of them at the Belgian Grand Prix, three on race day.

The prevailing opinion among experts was that if Peterson could cut down his crashes, to a mere three or four major crack-ups, nothing could stop him in 1974. Peterson did fine on the accident front—he was knocked unconscious only once all year, tying George Foreman—but he didn't win the world championship. The trouble was his car.

Ronnie Peterson's Accidents

OCTOBER, 1966, SWEDEN:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
JULY, 1969, WEST GERMANY:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
OCTOBER, 1969, FRANCE:	CAR BURNED.	Peterson suffers concussion, broken neck, burns.
MAY, 1970, WEST GERMANY:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
JULY, 1970, ENGLAND:	CAR SHATTERED.	Peterson suffers concussion.
JANUARY, 1971, ARGENTINA:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
MARCH, 1971, ENGLAND:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
MAY, 1971, WEST GERMANY:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
MAY, 1971, ENGLAND:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson suffers concussion and broken thumb.
NOVEMBER, 1971, BRAZIL:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
DECEMBER, 1971, CALIFORNIA:	CAR DAMAGED.	Peterson unhurt.
MARCH, 1972, ENGLAND:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
MAY, 1972, BELGIUM:	CAR DAMAGED.	Peterson unhurt.
JULY, 1972, SWEDEN:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
SEPTEMBER, 1972, CANADA:	CAR DAMAGED.	Peterson unhurt.
MAY, 1973, BELGIUM:	THREE CRASHES IN TWO DIFFERENT CARS IN ONE DAY. CARS DAMAGED.	Peterson suffers concussion and temporary amnesia.
APRIL, 1973, ENGLAND:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
JUNE, 1973, FRANCE:	CAR RUINED.	Peterson unhurt.
SEPTEMBER, 1973, CANADA:	CAR DAMAGED.	Peterson unhurt.
JUNE, 1974, HOLLAND:	CAR DAMAGED.	Peterson suffers concussion and loses consciousness, but races again the following week.

Total: More than a dozen cars destroyed. One broken neck, one broken thumb and at least five concussions for Peterson.

Ronnie Peterson

CONTINUED

At the start of the 1974 season, Colin Chapman, the man who runs the Lotus racing team, put Peterson into his latest model, the Lotus 76, successor to Chapman's Lotus 72, perhaps the greatest Formula One car ever designed. Jochen Rindt won the world championship with the Lotus 72 in 1970; Fittipaldi won the world championship with it in 1972. But the Lotus 76 was an unqualified failure.

The first part of the Grand Prix season went so poorly for Peterson and the Lotus 76 that, late in the spring, Colin Chapman took the Lotus 72 out of a museum and turned it over to Peterson. The Swede promptly won the Monaco Grand Prix. Then he tried the Lotus 76 again, failed with it again and finished the year in the Lotus 72. He won two more Grand Prix races in the five-year-old car, giving him three victories in a miserable season; no other driver won more.

"But I just didn't do anything in between," Peterson says. "I broke down in too many races, and these days it looks like you have to concentrate more on finishing in the top six than on winning." (The top six finishers in each Grand Prix race receive points counting toward the world driving championship.)

It is against Peterson's nature to settle for second place or third or fourth when he can gamble for a victory. All he wants, he says, are good results, and his definition of a good result is a victory. He is a natural driver—a "seat-of-the-pants" driver, Jackie Stewart calls him—and he proved his natural ability last fall in his first race ever on a banked oval course. At Michigan Speedway, in the first race of the International Race of Champions series, he took on A. J. Foyt, Bobby Unser, Johnny Rutherford, Richard Petty, David Pearson, Bobby Allison and Cale Yarborough—all veterans of the oval course—and won the pole position.

But as talented as Peterson is, he cannot win without a machine to match his talents. Peterson points out, correctly, that most of his accidents are caused by mechanical failure, not by driver error. Knowledgeable observers point out, equally correctly, that Peterson is extremely rough on a car. His spectacular sliding turns—the front wheels grind to a halt; the back of the car whips around wildly—do nothing to improve the suspension and wheels of a finely tuned Formula One car. And if machines could sue, he would be criminally liable for what he does to a gear box.

"The fastest driver needs a stronger car than anybody else," says Peterson, "because he's using his material more than anybody. Take my team in 1973. It took them a long time to put the car together so it would stay together because I was pushing all the material harder than Emerson ever had. Eventually, we got the car strengthened at the points where it always broke, and

I started to win. If that had happened earlier, if the car hadn't broken down so much, I would have been world champion in 1973."

Peterson is a confident young man, a terror on the track and mild-mannered off the course. He insists, convincingly, that he drives only because he enjoys the sport, but his pleasure earns him more than half a million dollars a year. (Among his sponsors are both a cigarette company, John Player, and a cough-drop firm, Vicks; a neat parlay.) He is one of the few people in the world who lives in England to *save* on taxes; the Swedish taxes are even higher than the stiff British rates. He does not live in England alone; he shares his home with his fiancee, Barbro Edvardsson, one of the most beautiful timekeepers in the world.

Peterson's pursuit of the world championship began back in Sweden in 1952, when he was eight years old. His father, a baker by trade and a racing enthusiast by hobby, built him his first go-cart. Ronnie went on to win five Swedish go-cart championships and then in 1966, his father built a Formula Three car for him. Formula Three racing is a smaller and slower version of Grand Prix racing, sort of a minor league for Formula One prospects. In the 1966 Swedish Three championships, Peterson gave a hint of his future: His life was saved by a rollbar that had been enlarged just five minutes before the race began.

Three years and several crashes later, Peterson won the most prestigious Formula Three Race—the one preceding the Grand Prix at Monaco—and earned a place on the March works team. In his second Formula Three race for March, with the team promising him Formula One the following season, Peterson was blinded by the sun going into a chicane at Monthlery, outside Paris. When he came to in an ambulance, Peterson had suffered a concussion, a broken neck and serious burns. The first thing he said was, "What about my contract now? Will they let me drive Formula One?"

The answer was delivered to him in the hospital: A contract to drive in Grand Prix races for March in 1970. The March Formula One car, even in mortal hands, had a low breaking point. Peterson did not have much of a chance; in 1970, his best finish was a seventh.

But the next year, between crashes, the results were more impressive. In Formula One, he finished second four times and wound up second to Jackie Stewart in the championship point standing. The accidents were more impressive, too. In a Formula Two race at Germany's terrifying Nuerbuergring, he spun off the track and sailed over the tops of trees before landing below the circuit. He calmly hitched a ride back to the pits with a spectator. A week later, Peterson was in the hospital with another concussion and a broken finger after a Formula One accident in England.

The March was less competitive than ever by 1972 and Peterson had a dismal Grand Prix season. By the end of the year, his relationship with March had deteriorated and when he left to join Fittipaldi at Lotus, Max Mosley of March could barely contain his glee. "He's had 14 accidents with us this year," Mosley told the press, "and frankly we can't afford him. I only hope that Chapman has plenty of cars for him to use up."

Peterson did use up a few cars at the beginning of 1973, a season that was an experiment to see if two top drivers could co-exist on the same team. The experiment was a qualified success. Fittipaldi won three early races and with Peterson's four later victories, Lotus took the builders' championship.

Sometime this year, Colin Chapman will deliver a new Lotus to Peterson. If the car is sturdy enough, and if the Swedish star is willing to settle for a third or a fourth here and there, his days of being knocked out may be over. He'll knock out all the competition instead. ■

THE SPORT QUIZ!

ANSWERS
From page 6

1—c. 2—b. 3—a. 4—b. 5—c. 6—b. 7—Dryden-Rangers; Desjardins-Kings, Brown-Red Wings. 8—b. 9—True. 10—c. 11—a. 12—a. 13—False. 14—b. 15—b. 16—c.

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PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA

It hardly seems possible that almost five years have passed since the Atlanta Hawks announced the signing of a floppy-socked gamin by the name of Pete Maravich to one of the largest contracts in the history of the National Basketball Association. For three straight years at Louisiana State University, Maravich—"Pistol Pete"—had led the nation in scoring and made All-American, eventually breaking Oscar Robertson's all-time collegiate scoring record. There were predictions that his dazzling passing and shooting would remake the tempo of basketball much as Bob Cousy's *elan* had done in an earlier time. Joining a smooth near-black team which had finished 48-34 the season before, he was the Great White Hope expected to bring record crowds and an NBA championship to the Deep South. The fastest gun, bleated Hawks publicity, was coming to town.

Any basketball fan knows it never happened. Dissension over Maravich's money and his freelance style of play decimated the Hawks before they opened the 1970-71 season, causing Joe Caldwell to jump to the American Basketball Association and the others —Walt Hazzard, Lou Hudson, Walt Bellamy, Bill Bridges—to consider following him. Coach Richie Guerin, shell-shocked, didn't know whether to put a damper on The Pistol or let him go his own way ("Christ," said Guerin, "you don't put reins on a kid with that kind of talent and tell him, 'Whoa' "). Crowds were up all around the league when the Hawks came visiting, but the Hawks stumbled to a 36-46 record. When 98 sportswriters cast their ballots for Rookie of the Year, Maravich—who had enjoyed a good year, statistically—finished a distant third behind co-winners Dave Cowens and Geoff Petrie. "After what I've been through," he said, "I feel like a ten-year veteran already."

It got no better after that. Maravich seemed jinxed. He was laid out with mononucleosis for part of his sophomore year, then with a rare facial paralysis his third season. The Hawks, now with only Hudson left from the team transferred from St. Louis in '68, continued to slide. Maravich did finally make the NBA All-Star team, ranking near the top in assists and in scoring, but the Hawks were losing on the floor and at the box office. Something had to be done, and a rebuilding seemed imminent.

The solution, of course, was what one writer called "the second Louisiana Purchase." The latest NBA expansion team, the New Orleans Jazz, opened for business by giving everything but the French Quarter to bring Maravich back home to the bayou: Such steady veterans as Bob Kauffman went to Atlanta, plus top draft picks for four consecutive years (assuring Atlanta the draft of North Carolina State's David Thompson this year if they want him). Once again Maravich found himself in the role of a Great White Hope—the dazzling showman entrusted with a franchise—and it seemed a good deal all the way around. New Orleans, like any other expansion team, might not win for a while, but it could draw with one of the most exciting one-man shows in professional sports. For Atlanta, a housecleaning had been accomplished and the way paved to start all over. For Maravich, who would likely be the whole show at New Orleans for a few years, there would be the opportunity to play the only way he knows how and to do it among friends.

This is being written fairly early in the season, and perhaps Pete will put it all together as the plot thickens, but I am beginning to wonder now if we will ever see the Pete Maravich we were promised five years ago. The poor guy can't walk down the street without running into some kind of trouble. There was the controversial rookie year, the injuries, the snubs from his peers, the ultimate breakdown of the Hawks, and then, during pre-season camp with the Jazz, worse tragedy: His mother committed suicide. Then, trying to rush himself into condition, Pete suffered from tendinitis and a groin injury. After the first three weeks of the season the Jazz were still looking for a win, home attendance was less than 5,000 a game and the fans were getting on Maravich for averaging only 14.6 points a game on a 32.6 shooting percentage. "All I want to do in life," he once told me, "is to entertain and to win a championship." Could it be, after only four full seasons, that the bubble has burst?

During the past summer I sat in the gymnasium at a small college in Montgomery, Ala., watching Maravich put on a ball-handling exhibition for some 150 kids attending a basketball clinic. For one hour, Maravich hypnotized the kids with the absolutely incredible tricks he was learning when he was ten years old, taking a sack-lunch down to an abandoned gym and playing by himself all day long, while others his age were out swimming or shooting marbles. Maybe that, I thought, is the key to Pete Maravich: Playing by himself. So overwhelming are his individual talents, so marked is his style, that nobody was ever able to break him down and force him to fit into another's system. "One-on-one he's the greatest," Jerry West once told me, "but basketball is five-on-five." And here, on this summer night in a sultry gym, with a group of enthralled boys watching, was the ultimate symbol of Pete Maravich as a basketball player: In complete control of the show, nobody but him and the ball and the basket, doing things that few have ever done with a basketball. "You're thinking," he said to the kids, "what is this guy, a magician?" A long pause. "Yeah," he said, almost matter-of-factly. True. But no magician wins games in the NBA, and that may be the bottom line on Pete Maravich's career.

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